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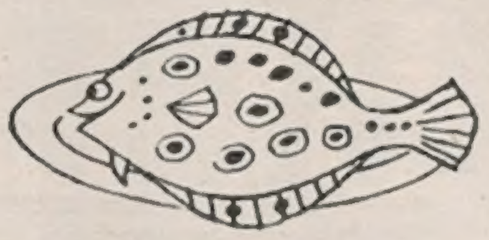
the meat and the fish 

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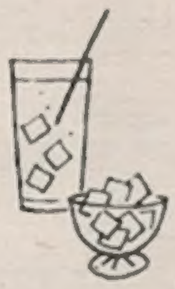
and for parties there's ice! 

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TEMPLE BAR 2468 SEPTEMBER 1, 1956 VOLUME 100 NUMBER 2618

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Edward Lindall grew up in the far north of Australia

EDWARD LINDALL, a leading story-teller about life in the Australian outback, based his latest story, "Fighting Doesn't Pay," on memories of his boyhood in the far north of Australia. The villains of the story, which starts on page 24, are dingoes, the wild dogs which terrorize the sheep and cattle areas.

They are such a menace that some of the state governments pay bounties for dingo scalps. "Full-time hunters make good livings killing them," says Lindall. He recalls that there was a scandal when two enterprising dingo hunters became tired of earning their money the hard way and set up breeding kennels in a remote bush area. But they became impatient waiting for their bounties to grow up. The authorities got suspicious when too many scalps from very young animals were sent in.

Lindall is a spare-time short story writer, and he has one novel to his credit. Most of his time is spent writing features and editorials for an Adelaide newspaper. His real name is Edward Smith; the pseudonym Lindall is a blend of the names of his elder daughters, Lindsay and Kendall. Now in his early forties, Lindall has another daughter and a son.

After war service in the Australian Army, Lindall came to England with his wife to work on a newspaper here. Then he worked in the London office of an Australian newspaper—on the understanding that the paper would pay the Lindalls' fare home. Three and a half years later he returned to Australia. "The paper had to pay for four passages. We had two daughters by then."

WHEN artist A. E. Batchelor moved into his new Sussex house recently, a jungle of packing cases, furniture and lumber barred the way to his studio door. A brisk six-footer, he picked a way through, asked the removal men to continue their work, and set up his easel to finish this week's cover. "I'm a workman, not a prima donna," he says. "None of this temperamental stuff for me. If I've a job to do nothing will stop me."

But in choosing a site for his home, hidden in an acre of woodland, Batchelor has taken good care that nothing is likely even to ruffle his calm. He and his wife spent months hunting for a site. "You can't live in a village these days. Every young man has a motor bike." Many decisions went into the planning. "First I designed the ideal studio—fifteen by ten, with north lighting and water laid on. Everything else was built round that."

The Batchelors once lived near Petworth in a ten-roomed house (rent £30 a year) which was surrounded by woods and farmland. "That was a glorious spot," he says. "Right in the wilds. I had to walk half a mile a day to collect the milk. At first we had the bread delivered. The only trouble was that foxes used to steal it from the doorstep. We would be there now, but a mile of muddy lane in winter was too much—for my wife."

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* *Graeme Lock, son of Tony Lock, famous Test Cricketer, enjoying Lucozade with his Grandmother.*

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Free Speech

- How do jurymen decide?
- Building up Britain's gold
- Charity shows the way

WHENEVER I read of a jury taking hours to reach a verdict, I cannot help wondering how much moral pressure was necessary to induce the dissenting minority to fall in with the majority.

It seems remarkable that, after hearing the evidence of witnesses, counsels' speeches and the judge's expert summing-up, a juror should then have to suffer the arguments of his fellow jurors who, after all, know no more about the merits of the case than he does.

I believe that it would be more logical to take a ballot immediately the jury retires. Unless, say, nine out of the twelve are in favour of a "Guilty" verdict a formal verdict of "Not guilty" should be returned—there being a substantial element of doubt which should be exercised in favour of the accused.—L. HANCOCK, London Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Versatile

Sir Leslie Joseph, who thinks nothing of exchanging the mantle of managing director for a mechanic's boiler suit ("Sir Leslie boosts the fun of the fair," JOHN BULL, August 4), seems to have inherited his resourcefulness. During the severe South Wales depression of 1926-27, when Porthcawl Recreations, Ltd., owners of Coney Beach, were struggling to keep afloat, his father, Ernest Joseph, combined the duties of managing director and car-park attendant.—P. WILTON, Speedwell Road, Bristol, 5.

Why Queue?

Why do some housewives waste their time and encourage foot ailments and varicose veins by queueing when there is such an abundance of good food in the shops?

The other day I walked into a busy grocer's, and as I stood waiting I

realized that I had walked in at the head of a queue stretching the length of the shop.

As I refuse to queue, I walked out and went into another shop, where I was served immediately and was soon on my way. But in the other shop they were all still meekly waiting.—MRS. D. J., Sevenoaks, Kent.

Rates On Land

I agree that our rating system is ridiculous ("Free Speech," August 4). At present, if a man adds to his property his rates are increased — he is really being "fined" for improving it. A fairer way would be to rate the unimproved value of the sites on which buildings stand, instead of imposing a rate on the buildings themselves.

This system is practised everywhere in Denmark, in various Australian states, in New Zealand and parts of South Africa. An Australian cousin told me that after rating of site values was introduced in a town there, the rate of building doubled in a year—because building became worthwhile.—L. M. T., Tonbridge, Kent.

. . . The accepted principles of taxation are economy, certainty, convenience and equality.

Rating property is certainly not very expensive, and both ratepayer and the rating authority are certain about what is to be paid, and the method of payment is fairly convenient. As to equality, admittedly some rates on property are inequitable, but all the other advantages outweigh this disadvantage, and even this is partly offset by the fact that more than half a local authority's income is derived not from rates, but from government grants for education, civil defence and other special purposes, and sometimes from an equalization grant.—R. FARMER, Wellington, Shropshire.

Early Breakfast

Visiting relatives with my husband at Dartmouth, South Devon, recently, I was awakened at twenty past six

one morning by a clattering upstairs. I thought it was my granddaughter up to mischief, but she told me the noise was caused by a seagull cracking a crab by dashing it on the concrete roof. "Sometimes the gulls wake us at five o'clock when the tide goes out early," she said.

Later I learned that the gulls catch the crabs left on the river bank as the tide ebbs. The house is built high on a cliff side and the flat roof forms an excellent table for them.—MRS. E. A. LOFT, Darton, Barnsley, Yorks.

Rise In Reserves

I read recently that Britain's gold and dollar reserves rose by £7,150,000 in July. This is obviously good news, but being a layman I cannot really appreciate the full significance of the rise. How, I wonder, does it affect the working man's pocket?—K. J. PARNELL, East Walton, Norfolk.

"All our jobs depend, in the last resort, on the maintenance of the value of the £ sterling," says the Treasury. "If foreign confidence in the £ collapses, we can expect something like Germany's experience after the first World War, when the value of the mark depreciated many thousands of times over in a single day.

"Reserves represent 'hard' backing to currency. They are only acquired by building up from our external trade rather more than we spend as a country in buying from other countries. Britain's reserves today are enough to pay for not more than two or three months' imports. We have to increase them up to a safe level."

Gift For Guidance

We live at a country cross-roads and are always being asked the way by passers-by, often at considerable inconvenience when a job, sometimes at the end of the garden, has to be left to answer the doorbell. Now we have put a collecting box for our favourite charity in the porch with a notice saying that we are only too pleased to help people on their way, and inviting them to put something in the box in return. — BARBARA BREW, Tyes Cross, East Grinstead, Sussex.

Unattended

On two or three occasions I have parked my motor-cycle in a city car park, and paid the 1s. charge. On returning at about 10.30, I have found that the car park attendant had gone, leaving the park half full of cars. Surely it is ridiculous to charge for parking if the vehicles have no protection from theft or damage. Attendants should stay on duty at least until theatre and cinema-goers collect their vehicles.—J. G., Aberdeen.

"If an authority does accept liability, the fact would be stated on a notice or on the parking ticket," says a lawyer, "but there is no implied liability. In imposing a parking fee, an authority is really charging a rent for parking space for a limited period."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

STRIKE camp . . . ! A lively engagement with deck chairs, the Chinese puzzles of the seaside, a last look to see that there's nothing left for tomorrow's beachcombers and a bucket of seawater for the one visitor who can't understand why anyone should complain. Now what? Well, this is always a most unsettling situation. The rising tide spoils more lazy days on the beach than . . . youngsters who want to play cricket, for instance. But now that the family's had to wake up there may be a chance of a game for the sportsman in Batchelor's cover.

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SPIRITS ON THE ROOF

by *RONALD BYRON*

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

William was shocked. These demons could ruin him; they even defied the witch doctor

A LIST of the six most important men in Johannesburg's teeming native suburb of Newclare would undoubtedly have included the name of William Ramosito. An impartial judge entrusted with the task of drawing up a selected record for posterity would have found difficulty in choosing five names, but the sixth, that of William Ramosito, he would have included without hesitation.

Not for riches, not for any marked degree of philosophical wisdom, did William Ramosito occupy his eminent position in the community. It was partly due to the sheer force of his personality: he spoke fluently the languages of fifteen different native tribes, ranging from the lordly Zulu to the paltry Baca, as well as English, Afrikaans and Portuguese, and this linguistic ability gave him an unquestioned superiority over the

A small glutinous lump, resting on a penny, was the prescribed charm. William took it reverently

ordinary native in the street, who could seldom make himself understood in more than four tongues.

More than that: it behoved one to have caution in the presence of William Ramosito, for a man who spoke fifteen dialects might, for all one knew, be able to read the unspoken and secret words in the heart.

But perhaps William's most impressive claim to distinction was his job. He was assistant and interpreter in the surgery of the white doctor in Pollack Street, and as such he was intimately concerned in the lives and deaths of many thousands of his black fellow beings.

From the moment a patient entered the consulting rooms of Dr. Alistair Woods until he left, happily equipped with a bottle of medicine for a week and wryly conscious of a stinging in his arm from an injection, he was in the benevolent but inexorable power of William Ramosito. For a short time, it was true, the hapless beneficiary of modern medical science passed through the hands of the kindly eyed, elderly white doctor, but even then the patient's eyes remained fixed on the masterful assistant.

AFTER his examination, Dr. Woods explained in a few simple words to William from what the patient was suffering, and what treatment he intended instituting. William thereupon translated concisely into the appropriate language, laying stress on the tremendous properties of the medicine which would be dispensed, warning the patient to re-attend in a week's time, and finally accepting with condescension the fee, on Dr. Woods's behalf, from a grateful hand.

At the beginning of a consultation, William ascertained, in the patient's own tongue, the nature of his complaint. Then, turning to the doctor, he sonorously enumerated in English the list of symptoms.

Dr. Woods had long grown accustomed to the lengthy conversations which almost invariably ensued between his interpreter and the sick man or woman in front of him, and waited patiently until William felt he had gained the needful information. It was, however, still a source of amusement to the doctor when, after a heated three-minute discussion, William laconically said: "This man has a bad cough."

In the course of time, Dr. Woods felt the necessity for a more retired life, and sold his practice to a very much younger man, Dr. James Stone. He bequeathed William Ramosito to his successor, whimsically advising him to treat the assistant with respect. Dr. Stone, aware of the affection which his senior had for William, promised to do so.

More importantly, for he was a relatively wise young man and quickly realized that the successful conduct of the practice depended largely on his interpreter, he kept his promise, and in a short while William grew as fond of his new employer as he had been of his old, and dominated him in much the same way. Yet to many people Dr. Stone was not Dr. Woods; and, despite William's authoritative position in the community, the practice inevitably declined, until after a year the young practitioner experienced two or three dismal days in the week when he had nothing to do but walk about moodily in his dispensary thinking of his large expenses.

It was not the diminution of activity in the surgery which particularly worried William: he was not a man who cared to be over-burdened with work. Far more important was the possible loss of prestige that might accrue to him as a result. He felt that if the doctor continued to lose patients at this rate, he himself would suffer in the eyes of his fellow men; an idle assistant might come to be thought of as an incompetent assistant.

In a situation like this, there was obviously only one resource. William paid a ceremonious visit to Tobias Butelezi, the well-known witch doctor.

In his modern consulting rooms in Victoria Avenue, the walls lined with shelves supporting various roots, strips of bark, and potent herbs in wide-necked bottles, Tobias Butelezi listened to William with gravity. At the conclusion of the story, he tilted his head back and stared at the fluorescent lights on the ceiling.

"You are the sixth person who has consulted me this month for loss of business," he said, musingly. "My opinion is that the forefathers are ill-pleased with this township; perhaps there is too much turning to the white man's ways among our people here in Johannesburg.

"Well, my friend, this is the treatment. I will make you an ointment containing a few special herbs. Tomorrow morning at exactly five o'clock —the time is important—you will place the ointment in a large basin of water; it will dissolve and the water will become red in colour. Take the basin and stand at the front door of your doctor's consulting rooms; throw half the water on to the pavement to your right, the other half to your left. If you do all this well, it will bring many patients to your doctor, not only tomorrow, but also on the two days after."

William smiled broadly. "First-class, my doctor! That is the prescription I need."

Tobias rose, and walked over to his workbench on the other side of the room. He concocted busily for a few minutes; when he returned, he held out to William a small, glutinous lump resembling clay, resting on a penny.

"Until you are ready to use this," he warned, "be sure to leave it on the coin."

William took the charm reverently. "How much do I owe you?" he asked.

"A special price for you," said Tobias kindly, "since I know you so well. One pound."

William paid, not without a little ache in his heart. Special price or not, it seemed a lot of money for such a small thing.

He possessed a key to the consulting rooms, and at five o'clock the following morning he carried out religiously the witch doctor's instructions; then he went back to bed, looking forward with pleasure to the busy hours ahead.

That day Dr. James Stone had two patients, one of whom promised to pay in a week's time.

William was flabbergasted; it was an unheard-of occurrence for the famous witch doctor's treatment to be without result. He, William Ramosito, must have made a mistake somewhere in the ritual; he cudgelled his brain, but in the end was convinced that the fault did not lie with him.

TOBIAS, too, was astonished when he heard of the day's dismal failure. "This has never happened before," he declared. "There is some very serious trouble with your doctor."

Nevertheless, he prepared another treatment, adding to it on this occasion not only a pinch of the fat of a wild hog, but also, for safety's sake, a trace of the dung of a gerbil, and requested William to repeat the procedure, at half-past four instead of five o'clock.

It was still dark when William completed his work the following morning; he returned to his bed uneasy, irritable, and, worst of all, doubtful.

His fears were fully justified: Dr. Stone spent the day reading, without interruption, Carlyle's *The French Revolution*.

Now greatly alarmed, William hastened to the witch doctor's rooms at the first opportunity. Tobias shook his head gravely. "This is worse than I thought, Mr. Ramosito," he said. "I will have to give you a fortune. You have five shillings for the bones?"

Without thought of protest, Dr. Stone's perturbed assistant paid the fee. Tobias led the way into a small room reserved for the purpose, donned his professional white coat, and squatted down on a straw mat. The bones he threw before him from a chamois bag were mostly the ossicles of a baboon's wrist; he studied their lie, muttering to himself, and once, deepening William's anxiety, he wrung his hands.

At length he spoke. "It is clear now why the

treatments have failed. The roof of your doctor's consulting rooms is covered with little spirits which are not visible; they are keeping people away."

"Ai!" exclaimed William, in horror. "What is to be done?"

"Luckily," went on the witch doctor, "they are not harmful spirits. In time they will depart; we will have to wait till they do, since no treatment will be of use against so many."

"But when will they go?"

"I should say in about a month," answered Tobias, squinting judiciously at the bones.

Business continued to be slack as the days passed. Dr. Stone, himself worried at the decrease in the number of patients, did not fail to observe that his assistant was not his old lordly self. In addition, the man seemed to have developed a peculiar habit of gazing up at the ceiling. Indeed, Dr. Stone caught the

The *induna* sat anxious-eyed as William translated the doctor's diagnosis. Luckily, Dr. Stone spoke no Zulu

infection himself, and on several occasions found himself with his head tilted upwards.

As for William's immediate friends, loyal as they were to him, they were not averse to passing a few sly remarks on his apparent loss of popularity, remarks which he was at a loss to counter satisfactorily. He believed firmly in Tobias Butelezi, but there were others who, while not prepared to go so far as to deride the powers of a witch doctor, would nevertheless insist on a visual demonstration before granting that loss of business could be attributable to spirits nesting on the roof. And Tobias had specifically stated that these were not visible.

William Ramosito, however, had not worked all these many years for a doctor in an exclusively native area without attaining a highly specialized knowledge of the psychology of his race. He knew well that, notwithstanding the European dress which the city native has adopted, despite his preoccupation with the cinema and the radio, the ancient, traditional beliefs are indelibly engraved on his memory—ideas entirely outside the experience of the white man, and therefore impossible for Dr. Stone to understand, let alone exploit.

William resolved that, pending the spontaneous disappearance of the spirits on the roof, he would exercise a little guile in his dealings with the doctor's patients. He could not see the need to make Dr. Stone an accomplice to his plan. Being white, his employer might object.

He went into action on the first day of the new week, and fortune favoured him immediately. The patient whom he led into the doctor's consulting room early that Monday was the *induna* of a compound—the headman over a thousand workers at one of the city gold mines.

These labourers, living in clean, airy settlements on mine property, pay spiritual and secular allegiance to their *induna*, who, at one time a chief of a sub-tribe in the country, has laid aside his leopard skin in coming to the city, but has lost none of his authority. William knew that he had an important man in front of him. If he was satisfied with the doctor's treatment, he would lay down an edict that his subjects should attend for their health at Pollack Street, Newclare, and a steady flow of patients would make its way to Dr. Stone's rooms.

Addressing the *induna* politely and ceremoniously, but without a trace of deference, as befitted a discussion between one headman and another, William ascertained for the doctor that the patient had become, over the past two months, rather short of breath. He was troubled at night by an irritating cough, and had noticed that his ankles were strangely swollen. There was a pain in his chest at times and a fullness in his head—not a headache, he was careful to inform William, rather a buzzing, like bees.

William nodded understandingly, and interpreted these symptoms for Dr. Stone. When the latter had completed his examination, and the patient was again fully clothed, the most important aspect of the consultation began—the enlightenment of the patient as to the cause of his illness.

DR. STONE settled himself behind his desk, and unconsciously looked up at the roof. "First of all, William," he said seriously, "tell this man that he is not at all well."

William drew a deep breath. His moment was about to begin; his plan was ready to be put into operation. The *induna's* language was Zulu, a language in which William could express himself with perhaps greater fluency than in any other. It was a marked advantage, esoecially as the *induna* knew no English whatsoever.

"There is a great trouble in your life, my father," he said to the anxious-eyed patient. "A great trouble." He shook his head pityingly.

"Is it so?" said the *induna*, in a trembling voice.

"Explain to him," continued Dr. Stone, "that he has a high blood pressure and his heart is beginning to feel the strain." He leaned back in his chair; this, he knew, might require a little time to explain.

"It is like this," said William, smoothly, "there is another *induna*, in a different compound from yours at the mine, who is your enemy. He wishes you much harm."

"True!" exclaimed the headman. "That is exactly so! There is such a one, and I know he has been saying bad things about me and my wives."

William felt a thrill of exhilaration. That had been a wonderfully lucky guess.

He thrust home his advantage. "There is nothing hidden from us at this office, my father. We know all the secrets of the African people in Johannesburg. Now, your enemy has done more than just talk about you. He has had a meeting with a witch doctor, and they have agreed on a plan to do you the greatest hurt."

"A witch doctor!" breathed the *induna*, his eyes popping from his head. "A witch doctor! The rogue! The jackal! The kraal dog!"

"To a man like yourself," said William, "it will be clear what has happened from this meeting."

The *induna* struck his knee with his clenched fist. "They have bewitched me!"

"What's he getting so worked up about, William?" inquired Dr. Stone.

"He is concerned about his blood pressure, Doctor," answered William blandly.

"Well, tell him the illness hasn't gone too far yet, and we can do a lot for him. The swelling in his ankles is due to the fact that the blood is running through the veins slower than it should do; water seeps out and collects in the tissues."

"The doctor says," announced William to

Continued on page 43

On the scent of stardom

by ANTONY FERRY

Dog film actors are popular with Britain's cinema public—and with trainer Douglas Appleton. They bring him £15,000 a year

Appleton, now secretary of the Beagle Club, feared dogs as a boy

PRODUCERS of a television show starring Terry-Thomas recently asked a man named Douglas Appleton to bring along his champion schnauzer, valued at more than £350, for a casting audition. "Magnificent bit of dog there," Terry-Thomas said reflectively. "But it's not funny enough. Too dignified. Couldn't you give it a haircut that will make people laugh?"

Appleton, who runs an exclusive modelling agency for dogs, pointed out that the schnauzer was earning about fifteen guineas a week in modelling fees. "Shear its coat," he said, "and you'd have to pay me compensation."

Terry-Thomas, Appleton and the producers got together and agreed on a sum. The comic suggested a hair style that would make people laugh and Appleton sheared accordingly.

After the show was televised, 439 people complained.

Although he normally frowns on exploiting dogs in such a way, Douglas Appleton has turned the British film public's love of animals into a £15,000 a year business. "Animals," he says, "are among Britain's best-loved actors. The dog, in particular, is hardly ever out of work."

One of his prize dogs, a bloodhound named Champion Appeline Hector of Westsummerland, who played a leading rôle in a film called *Whodunnit*, has earned over £1,000 a year modelling and filming. He sometimes commands as much as a top-rate actor, going through his paces on the set for thirty guineas a day.

One film in which the bloodhound was used fell behind its production schedule. Appleton solved the difficulty by producing a second bloodhound, grooming it to look exactly like the original. The pair worked on two sets simultaneously. The film was thus completed on time and Appleton collected twice as much in dog fees.

Appleton himself, now thirty-seven years old, was afraid of dogs as a boy and has never in his life kept one as a pet of his own. Yet his

Bloodhound Appeline Hector of Westsummerland once had Benny Hill as a screen "master." He can command as much as a top-rate actor

enterprise, Appeline Kennels, Ltd., now worth over £25,000, was started with a single litter he bred ten years ago.

The firm includes the modelling agency, a breeding farm and training ground near Baldock, Hertfordshire, covering seven acres; a dog beautifying salon; a 260-cubicle combined cat-and-dog hotel, a small pet shop in Chelsea's fashionable King's Road, and a canine clinic for psychiatric disorders that is catering for increasing numbers of dogs.

Sixty of the dogs housed at the Baldock kennels are owned by Appleton and are trained daily for modelling and filming purposes. They pose beside model girls for fashion magazines, accompany them at West End fashion shows, pose for dog food and medicine advertisements, act in television programmes and commercials, and in films. The average photogenic pup, barely three months old, earns about two and half guineas an hour.

In addition, Appleton keeps books listing two hundred pure-blooded dogs belonging to other people. He finds them jobs, looks after their personal appearance and transports them to and from work for a percentage of their salaries.

ABOUT thirty dogs are led into the Chelsea pet shop every week by owners who are certain that their pets have star quality. They are usually dismayed to learn that Appleton rejects 499 pure-bred dogs for every one he agrees to represent in the world of entertainment.

"It isn't enough for a dog to look fit and intelligent," he says. "He has to exude personality and be a real showman. He has to be able to show off at the right time and, when required, be placid and gentle and never, never bark. Moreover, he must be able to work without his owner, for in film making the owner's absence is preferable."

Even Appleton's own dogs do not always live up to his professional requirements. Not long ago he transported a pack of twenty couples of beagles from the kennels to a Hammersmith studio for a hunting sequence in a film. On arrival, the catch of the trailer door broke and the beagles poured out of the film lot and went yelping in a pack through the streets. It took Appleton over an hour, with the help of all available film extras, to round them up.

The pack is not included on the roll of sixty dogs that are trained for modelling. Appleton, who is secretary of the Beagle Club, usually employs the beagles only in hunting. He sits on several official committees connected with beagles, and on committees of several hound-breeding clubs in Great Britain, helping to set the standards by which hounds are judged.

Appleton controls his dogs before the cameras with nearly invisible piano wire, but mishaps occur despite this device and constant watchfulness.

He was holding a restless St. Bernard on a lead while talking to a cameraman on the skating rink at Wembley several months ago. Walking off several minutes later, he caught his foot in a hole that the dog had impatiently eaten in the ice.

On another job, after several hours had been spent setting up a bath scene for a soap advertisement, a cocker spaniel jumped out of a tub full of lather, shook itself vigorously and, as a result, fused all the electrical equipment in the studio.

Appleton has found that a pair of normally companionable Great Danes may start a fight simply because the tension of television filming is too much for them. Difficulties are usually settled with a few scraps of meat and a ten-minute break. He has only once been seriously attacked. The dog bit him so hard that it left a tooth in his wrist. "It was a chow," Appleton explains, "and not one of mine."

About fifty dogs of different breeds are bred each month at Baldock. Two hundred of these are sold each year to buyers in twenty-three countries for sums totalling about £5,000. Most clients buy dogs without seeing them, on recommendations and a pedigree. Domestic buyers, however, are invited to go to Baldock. Part of the grounds has been landscaped and planted with flowers to show off the dogs in the finest possible surroundings.

Britain is still the world's biggest supplier of canine bloodstock and there is no danger, according to Appleton, that the quality breeds will disappear from the country. There are about four million dogs in Britain. "In fact, pure-bloods are so much in demand domestically that they already outnumber the mongrel population by five to three. In about five years mongrels will be rare, and consequently as valuable as pedigree dogs."

Appleton does brisk business with American clients and has a branch office with a staff of one on Staten Island, a large rural community in the Bay of New York close to the Statue of Liberty. He has sold dogs to Bing Crosby, the New Hampshire state police, and the wife of vice-president Richard Nixon. One of his bloodhounds has tracked down Mau Mau in Kenya, and two of his setters have been bought by Marshal Tito.

Although he doesn't sell cats, he boards them in his hotel, and has measured six of Vivien Leigh's Siamese for tailor-made brocade coats.

Appeline Kennels were begun in 1945 with a bloodhound, a beagle and a schnauzer, and £150 which Appleton collected in gratuities after he was demobilized. By profession a radio engineer, he began dog-breeding as a hobby and was at first interested only in shows. But when, surprisingly, his first three dogs became champions and the beagle had a litter, Appleton sold the offspring for £100 and the business snowballed.

A year later, when he had about £900 worth of pure-bred dogs, his breeding business was completely wiped out by an epidemic of distemper. Two years later, with a new and better pack of sixty dogs, he was wiped out again. He started afresh in 1949, this time injecting all his pups with a new serum.

"Fortunately," he says, "the cat-and-dog hostel kept me in business. There were always people wanting to go on holiday and having nowhere to keep their pets. At a flat rate of 35s. a week for dogs, and a guinea for cats, I found that I could keep 260 cubicles booked up months in advance." One aged woman left her cat with Appleton for three years while she went on an extended world tour.

THE kennels are staffed by five girls who live in, with free room and board plus £6 a week. A veterinary surgeon examines all the dogs twice a week, and a small platoon of dailies comes in each morning to do the cleaning up. The girls bath and exercise the temporary residents, train Appleton's pack to work before the cameras, and see that they are properly housed at night. The animals are fed about a ton of meat a week, pressure-cooked and minced, at between fourpence and eightpence a pound.

The star performers are usually exercised, fed, shampooed and manicured at half-past five in the morning, in time for Appleton to get them to work in one of two shooting brakes by 8.30 a.m.

Because expert help is difficult to find, Appleton usually trains the staff himself. Dog handling, however, is a popular job among young women. Shortly after he opened the beauty parlour he advertised widely for a trimmer. During the first four days, 150 applicants appeared. "Many of them came in taxis, looked like débutantes, and naturally knew nothing about beautifying dogs."

Appleton lives by himself in a small self-contained house in the grounds. He has no personal pets, but allows two cairns to come as far as the kitchen door when he is cooking.

The term "man's best friend" is probably the most ill-founded of popular myths, according to Appleton, who says he can completely recondition a dog's responses in less than two weeks. However long they may have been with their owners, some dogs persist in returning to the Baldock kennels after only a brief stay with Appleton. One man was so disgusted with his dog's apparent fickleness that he would not have it back.

"Another thing," says Appleton. "No dog ever died pining for its master. People, in fact, are more loyal to dogs than dogs are to people."

One of his specialities is treating nervous disorders. "Dogs develop kinks, such as inferiority complexes, just like human beings. Abnormal dislikes in a dog can often be attributed to its owner, who tends to transfer his prejudices and feelings to his dog. I never agree to train a neurotic animal until I've had long talks with its owner."

THE END

Appleton and a kennel maid with two film star bloodhounds, Hector and Huntsman. One of his bloodhounds tracked down Mau Mau

Kay Cavendish uses one of Appleton's dogs for a television appearance. Others pose at fashion shows and for advertisements

DEAD MAN'S FOLLY

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Lady Stubbs had vanished. Was she dead? Or had she run away? Poirot was baffled . . . and he had all the evidence

THE fête at Nasse House in Devon was in full swing. It was a gay summer scene . . . but Hercule Poirot, watching the crowds milling around the tents and sideshows, told himself that somewhere among them was Marlene Tucker's murderer.

Marlene was a fourteen-year-old Girl Guide who had been chosen for the rôle of the "body" in a novelty murder hunt for the fête. It meant shamming dead on the floor of the boathouse. But when Poirot and Ariadne Oliver found her, she was shamming no longer. She had been strangled.

Mrs. Oliver, a famous detective writer, had arranged the murder hunt clues. She sent for Poirot—ostensibly to give away the prizes—when she suspected that there might be a real murder at Nasse.

Poirot, watching and listening, met Nasse's *nouveau riche* owner, Sir George Stubbs, and his wife Hattie. Hattie, an orphan, had been brought up by old Mrs. Folliat, whose family owned Nasse for centuries, and who now lived at the Lodge.

Hattie intrigued Poirot. She was a young Creole, exotically beautiful, but—on the face of it anyway—rather simple-minded. . . . Was there, he wondered, anything between her and Michael Weyman, the young architect staying at the house? And why was she so upset when she learned that Etienne de Sousa, a West Indian cousin she had not seen since childhood, was to visit Nasse?

De Sousa arrived—by launch up the river from his yacht—but Hattie was not there to meet him. She vanished, just before Marlene Tucker's body was found. . . .

Desperately anxious, Sir George burst into the room where Police-Inspector Bland was interrogating Miss Brewis, the secretary-housekeeper at Nasse, about the murder. "Where's Hattie?" he demanded. "You've got to find her."

Hattie had dreaded meeting de Sousa, Sir George told the inspector. She had told him the man was evil. She said: "He kills people."

Mrs. Folliat was suddenly angry. "Hattie was never like that. I won't allow you to say such things. She was a gentle, warm-hearted girl"

PART FOUR

The Conflicting Statements

SIR GEORGE said: "I don't think you ought to take it too seriously. She kept repeating it and saying 'He kills people,' but she couldn't tell me whom he killed, or when or why. I thought myself it was just some queer, childlike memory—perhaps this cousin had teased her a bit when she was a kid; something of that kind.

"It's difficult to explain to you because you don't know my wife. I am devoted to her, but half the time I don't listen to what she says because it just doesn't make sense. Anyway, this de Sousa fellow couldn't have had anything to do with all this—don't tell me he lands here off a yacht and goes straight away through the woods and kills a wretched Girl Guide in a boathouse. Why should he?"

"I'm not suggesting that anything like that happened," said Inspector Bland, "but you must realize, Sir George, that in looking for the murderer of Marlene Tucker the field is more restricted than one might think at first."

"Restricted!" Sir George stared. "You've got the whole ruddy fête to choose from, haven't you? Two hundred—three hundred—people!"

"Yes, I thought so at first, but from what I've learned now that's hardly so. The boathouse door has a Yale lock. Nobody could come in from outside without a key."

"Well, there were three keys."

"Exactly. One key was the final clue in this murder hunt. It is still concealed in the hydrangea walk at the top of the garden. The second key was in the possession of Mrs. Oliver, the organizer of the murder hunt. Where is the third key, Sir George?"

"It ought to be in the drawer of that desk where you're sitting. No, the right-hand one, with a lot of the other estate duplicates." He

Peggy Legge was there, on her knees

looking for something; the charm, perhaps, that Poirot had already found. "Oh, Monsieur Poirot," she said, "you gave me such a shock."

came over and rummaged in the drawer. "Yes. Here it is all right."

"Then you see," said Inspector Bland, "what that means? The only people who could have got into the boathouse were: first, the person who had completed the murder hunt and found the key—which as far as we know did not happen; second, Mrs. Oliver, or some member of the household to whom she may have lent her key; and thirdly, someone whom Marlene herself admitted to the room."

"Well, that latter point covers pretty well everyone, doesn't it?"

"Very far from it!" said Inspector Bland. "If I understand the arrangement of this murder hunt correctly, when the girl heard anyone approaching the door she was to lie down and enact the part of the victim, and wait to be discovered by the person who had found the last clue—the key.

"Therefore, as you must see for yourself, the only people whom she would have admitted, had they called to her from outside and asked her to do so, were the people who had actually arranged the murder hunt.

"Any inmate, that is, of this house—that is to say, yourself, Lady Stubbs, Miss Brewis, Mrs. Oliver—possibly Monsieur Poirot whom I believe she had met this morning. Who else. Sir George?"

Sir George considered for a moment or two. "The Legges, of course," he said. "Alec and Peggy Legge. They're young neighbours of ours. They've been in it from the start. And Michael Weyman—he's an architect staying here in the house to design a tennis pavilion and repair the Folly. And Masterton, the M.P., and his wife. Warburton, Masterton's agent—oh, and Mrs. Folliat, of course. That's the lot."

"So you see, Sir George, it is not a very wide field."

Sir George's face went scarlet. "I think you're talking nonsense—absolute nonsense! Are you suggesting—what are you suggesting?"

"I'm only suggesting," said Inspector Bland, "that there's a great deal we don't know as yet. It's possible, for instance, that Marlene, for some reason, came out of the boathouse. She may even have been strangled somewhere else, and her body brought back and arranged on the floor. But even if so, whoever arranged her was again someone who was thoroughly cognizant with all the details of the murder hunt. We always come back to that."

He added in a slightly changed voice: "I can assure you, Sir George, that we're doing all we can to find Lady Stubbs.

"In the meantime I'd like to have a word with Mr. and Mrs. Alec Legge and Mr. Michael Weyman."

"I'll see what I can do about it, Inspector," said Miss Brewis. "I expect Mrs. Legge is still telling fortunes in the tent. I can probably get

Britain's most unorthodox diplomat tells his story

Borneo People

by MALCOLM MACDONALD

MacDonald feasts with Dyak chiefs. Once he walked on his hands to entertain a king

DURING his nine years representing Britain in South East Asia, Malcolm MacDonald built a reputation as the most unorthodox diplomat of all time. His frank, unconcealed contempt for false dignity and his determination to knock the stuffiness out of colonial administration made him the most criticized, most popular and, by some, the most hated man ever to govern for Britain abroad.

"It is not our political but our social policy that has tended to spoil our relations with Asiatic countries," he declared, and proceeded to put his theory into practice. He donned a kilt to greet Dyak head-hunters, played blind man's buff with Borneo natives, and walked on his hands to entertain the King of Siam.

When he was photographed hand in hand with two bare-topped native girls, there were frowns in colonial clubs, and a storm of criticism from the press.

His unconventional approach to diplomacy made him a welcome guest among the primitive tribes of South East Asia. "More than once," he said, "Dyak chiefs have earnestly sought my permission to punish my critics by severing their heads from their bodies. Had I given them any excuse for supposing that I thought this a good idea, they would have performed the executions with gusto."

Now MacDonald writes his own brilliant account of his work as Commissioner-General in South East Asia. The result is a story in which his own personality and the colourful people he governed spring vividly to life. He eats and sleeps in the homes of head-hunters, is accepted as their "son," and joins in their spectacular celebrations. He draws a compelling picture of their laws, superstitions, exotic clothes and marriage customs.

And through his enthralling narrative runs the warm, human romance of Segura, the Dyak chief's daughter who forsakes the jungle to become a sophisticated, mature city woman.

MacDonald's story, illustrated with vivid photographs, begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

hold of Mr. Legge or perhaps Mr. Weyman for you."

She left the room, followed by Sir George. While waiting, Inspector Bland picked up the telephone, demanded to be put through to the police station at Helmmouth, and made certain arrangements with them concerning the yacht Espérance.

"You realize, I suppose," he said to Hoskins, who was obviously quite incapable of realizing anything of the sort, "that there's just one perfectly possible place where this damn woman might be—and that's on board de Sousa's yacht?"

"How d'you make that out, sir?"

"Well, she has not been seen to leave by any of the usual exits, she's togged up in a way that makes it unlikely that she's legging it through the fields or woods; but it is just possible that she met de Sousa by appointment down at the boathouse and that he took her by launch to the yacht, returning to the fête afterwards."

"And why would he do that, sir?"

"I've no idea," said the inspector, "and it's very unlikely that he did. But it's a possibility. And if she is on the Espérance, I'll see to it that she won't get off there without being observed."

The door opened just then and a tall, vague-looking young man entered. He was wearing a neat grey flannel suit, but his shirt collar was crumpled and his tie askew and his hair stood up on end in an unruly fashion.

"I'm Michael Weyman," said the young man. "You have been asking for me, I understand."

"Quite true, sir!" said Inspector Bland. "Won't you take a chair?"

"I don't care for sitting," said Michael Weyman, "I like to stride about. What are all you police doing here anyway? What's happened?"

Inspector Bland looked at him in surprise. "Didn't Sir George inform you, sir?" he asked.

"Nobody's 'informed me,' as you put it, of anything. I don't sit in Sir George's pocket all the time. What *has* happened?"

"I imagined that all the people staying in the house would by now have been informed of this afternoon's tragedy."

"Tragedy? What tragedy?"

"The girl who was playing the part of the murder victim has been killed."

"No!" Michael Weyman seemed exuberantly surprised. "Do you mean really killed? How?"

"Strangled with a piece of cord."

Michael Weyman gave a whistle. "Exactly as in the scenario? Well, well, that does give one ideas." He strode over to the window, turned rapidly about and said: "So we're all under suspicion, are we? Or was it one of the local boys?"

"We don't see how it could possibly have been one of the local boys, as you put it," said the inspector.

"No more do I, really," said Michael Weyman. "Well, Inspector, many of my friends call me crazy but I'm not that kind of crazy. I don't roam around the countryside strangling under-developed, spotty young women."

"You are down here, I understand, Mr. Weyman, repairing the Folly and designing a tennis pavilion for Sir George?"

"A blameless occupation!" said Michael. "Criminally speaking, that is. Architecturally, I'm not so sure. The pavilion will probably represent a crime against good taste. But that doesn't interest you, Inspector. What *does* interest you?"

"Well, I should like to know, Mr. Weyman, exactly where you were between quarter-past four this afternoon, and, say, five o'clock."

"How do you tape it down to that—medical evidence?"

"Not entirely, sir. A witness saw the girl alive at a quarter-past four."

"What witness—or mayn't I ask?"

"Miss Brewis. Lady Stubbs asked her to take down a tray of cakes and a fruit drink to the girl."

"Our Hattie asked her that? I don't believe it for a moment."

"Why don't you believe it, Mr. Weyman?"

MICHAEL explained. "It's not like her. Not the sort of thing she'd think of or bother about. Dear Lady Stubbs's mind revolves entirely round herself."

"I'm still waiting, Mr. Weyman, for your answer to my question."

"Where I was between four fifteen and five o'clock? Well, really, Inspector! I can't say offhand. I mingled a bit on the lawn, watched the locals amusing themselves, had a word or two with the fluttery film star. Then, when I got sick of it all, I went along to the tennis court and mused over the design for the pavilion. I also wondered how soon someone would identify the photograph that was the first clue for the murder hunt as a section of tennis net."

"Did someone identify it?"

"Yes, I believe someone did come along, but I wasn't really noticing then. I got a new idea about the pavilion—a way of making the best of two worlds. My own and Sir George's."

"And after that?"

"After that? Well, I strolled around and came back to the house. I strolled down to the quay and had a crack with old Merdell, the ferryman, then came back. I can't fix any of the times with any accuracy. Merdell can tell you that I talked to him on the quay, but of course that'll be rather later than the time you're interested in. Must have been after five when I got down there. Very unsatisfactory, isn't it, Inspector?"

"We shall be able to narrow it down, I

Continued on page 38

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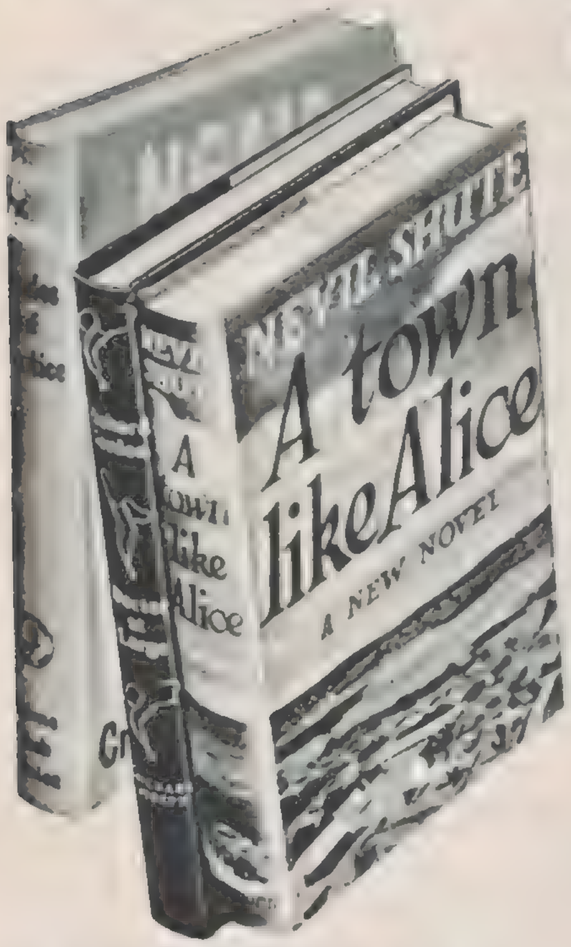

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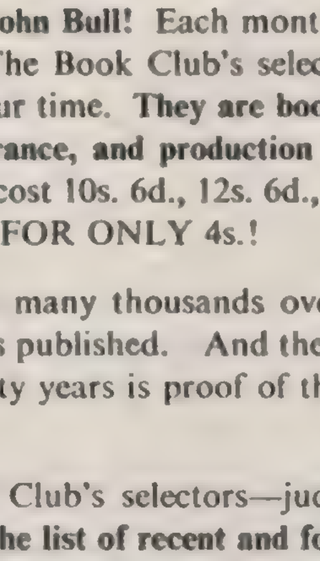

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by JOHN KOBLER

Peter Hurkos is Europe's strangest detective. He solves mysteries and crimes with an uncanny sixth sense and baffles criminals, police—and himself

Hurkos claims he can deduce facts about a man by handling a picture of him. This way he trapped a spy

IN August, 1951, a series of mysterious fires terrorized the farming communities around Nijmegen, the ancient Dutch city near the German border. Four times that month, in the dead of night, farm property —barns, hayricks, wagons and outbuildings— had burst into flame.

When firemen reached each spot, the stench of kerosene was still discernible. Somewhere in the outer darkness, they were certain, a pyromaniac was watching.

Police reinforcements had been brought in, and more than two hundred armed men were now deployed over the terrain between Nijmegen and Arnhem. But they had yet to uncover a single lead.

Insurance investigators, meanwhile, estimated the total damage caused by the fires at about £140,000. Every farmer in the area patrolled his own fence, scarcely daring to close his eyes at night for fear the madman would burn down his farm next.

Late one evening two men were walking across a wheatfield not far from the scene of the latest holocaust. One of them, Boy Sonneville, operated a textile mill at Nijmegen. The other, a hulking six-footer with a shock of black hair and deep-set black eyes, was Peter van der Hurk (or Hurkos, as he prefers to call himself); he was on a visit from Dordrecht, fifty miles to the west, and he pursued a somewhat more unusual occupation. He was a professional practitioner of telepathy and of psychometry—the "divination of facts concerning an object or its owner through contact with or proximity to the object." Newspapers commonly referred to Hurkos as "the man with the radar brain." The French press called him a magus—that is, a man of magic and wisdom, generally respected.

The two friends were passing the gutted barn when suddenly Hurkos stopped. His eyes half closed, he seemed to be listening. Then he said, "There'll be another fire tonight. A farm near the city, owned by the Jansons. . . . Do you know the name?"

Sonneville did. But he showed neither surprise nor scepticism. He had seen his friend's pre-visions come true before, and he believed in his powers so firmly that he paid him an annual

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To solve a case, Hurkos first feels for a "contact." He offers no theory about his powers—"Ideas come into my mind somehow"

Hold it up to the light

-not a shadow of a stain!

See! Surf gets your whites spotless!

- Stains disappear when you boil your whites in Surf.
- Tea, gravy, fruit juice, egg marks—all vanish.
- See! Hold your whites up to the light.
- They'll be <u>spotless</u>—not a shadow of a stain!

SUR 412-60

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

Tait (right) and Taylor struggle through pressure ice. Often sledges overturned, and 1,200 lb. of supplies had to be unloaded

EXPEDITION SOUTH (2) **by W. E. Anderson**

Disaster waits beneath our feet

This was a fantastic, gruelling trek. By night we camped in temperatures of fifty below; by day we sledged through ice and blizzards. And at any second we might plunge to death

It was August 6, 1955, a winter's day of dazzling sunshine in the Antarctic. At last preparations were complete for the thousand-mile journey which was to be the climax of our work.

Every item of equipment had been carefully checked; men and dogs had been passed fit by the medical officer, and supply depots had been laid along the route to support us for three months on some of the toughest travel in the world.

I had come to Graham Land nine months before to command Base D at Hope Bay, the largest British base in the Antarctic. Twelve of us manned the base; we were responsible for sending met. reports, breeding and training huskies and, most important of all, surveying unmapped regions hundreds of miles from base.

Our chief objective was one of the big jobs still outstanding in the exploration of Graham Land—the completion of the map of the east coast of the peninsula, from Pedersen Nunatak south to Cape Alexander, which is below the Antarctic Circle.

The entire coast, about seven hundred miles long, is a forbidding looking bastion of vertical ice-cliffs and precipices, broken in places by towering glaciers stretching down from the plateau beyond. I had to find, between Pitt Point and Cabinet Inlet, a hundred miles to the south, a route up to the plateau. On this the future survey of the whole of the central area of Graham Land depended.

Perhaps the most interesting of our other objectives, which included survey work, was a visit to the Naze on James Ross Island where fossils had been found the previous year. One was thought to be the vertebrae of a prehistoric reptile—a discovery which had interested scientists in Britain. It was already known that countless thousands of years ago the Antarctic supported rich vegetation—on bleak, windswept Mount Flora. I and other explorers had seen fossils of ferns—but the apparent remains of an animal indicated that life existed too.

The scientific bureau of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey had asked us to look for more of the vertebrae.

We set out from Base D with shouts of "Good sledging!" from the six men who were left behind. Tait and I led the way with our team of huskies which we called the Players, pulling a sledge named Bloody Mary. Then came Taylor and Leppard with the Number Ones pulling Ice-cold Katie. The third sledge was Eskimo Nell, pulled by the Gangsters, with Worswick and Willis.

The air was clean and cold, the snow surface good, the dogs pulling for all they were worth. We surged forward, exhilarated.

The seventeen miles to our depot at View Point were covered in the excellent time of three hours and forty minutes—in blizzards, the same trip has taken as long as ten days—and we spent the night there.

Next morning it was gusty. We tried to continue through swirling snow. Conditions grew steadily worse. By 1.30 p.m. it was impossible to go on. The wind had risen to forty knots and visibility was down to ten yards. We were

Pin-up photographs at Hope Bay were rare. When a good one arrived by post, its owner was so pestered by viewers that he lent it to the camera club for copies to be made

compelled to storm-pitch our tents. This, now, was the real thing.

Tait and I erected our tent first. It was pyramid-shaped, with a pole at each corner. To prevent it being blown away we laid it flat on the snow, the apex pointing into the wind. Then, by means of a rope fastened to the apex, we jerked the tent upright. The fabric flapped madly, but the wind merely helped to drive the poles more firmly into the snow.

We completed the job by making fast the guy ropes and shovelling snow all round the skirt of the tent to weight it down. The dogs lay outside, curled up like furry balls, seemingly contented and oblivious to the fury of the weather.

We had no alternative but to stay in our tents, lying in sleeping-bags and reading for the rest of the day. That night, before I snuffed out the candle, I turned to Tait and remarked that a hard task was ahead of us.

He grinned and replied: "Think of those poor chaps at home going to the office every day."

That thought was Tait's standby. He would produce it in our worse predicaments, in frightful storms and during our moments of abject dejection. There was nothing he had to stand in the Antarctic that he would have substituted for the routine of office life.

It was not until two days later that the blizzard died down and allowed us to strike our tents and move on. We went down the Crown Prince Gustav Channel, past Tail and Egg Islands, and past Red Island, where hundreds of crab-eater seals, looking like affable, elderly gentlemen, lay on the ice sunning themselves.

The following day we encountered our next hazard. Off James Ross Island, ice had splintered and buckled under intense pressure throwing up a confusion of jagged edges known as brash. The going was extremely difficult. The dogs went too fast, and sledges kept overturning.

Each time this happened, the 1,200 lb. of food, scientific gear and other equipment had to be untied to get the sledge upright again.

One of Eskimo Nell's runners snapped right across. Worswick gave me the news. He towered above me, six feet eight inches tall, and was probably the strongest man I have ever met. In Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, he bent a traffic halt sign with his bare hands for a bet.

Then Willis had the idea of lashing a ski to the runner as a splint. He had been most upset by the accident, as he thought it might mean the end of the journey for him. He had always been intensely loyal to me. He had been with me in Korea, fighting in a guerilla army. Later when he had heard that I was going to the Antarctic he had bought himself out of the army and joined the expedition.

Luckily, I was able to wireless to base for a new sledge to be sent to View Point. While Worswick and Willis went off to pick it up, taking their damaged sledge with them, the rest of us waited near the mysterious pools which we had discovered two months earlier.

A dramatic change had taken place. All the small pools had disappeared—the ice having closed in over them—and the large pool, which in July had extended over six square miles, was reduced to two patches of rippling blue water, each about five hundred yards by 150 yards.

They were fantastic sights. They teemed with whales, mainly dark grey killers and brown rorquals, and a few rare bottle-nosed whales. The eerie silence in which they swam around was punctuated by rhythmic blowing, like the sound of escaping steam.

There must have been 250 whales in all. Surprisingly, numerous crab-eater seals—the killers' natural prey—calmly swam among them. One plump seal which was approached by three killers turned its head and snapped at them crossly.

Killers have such a reputation for savagery that we could hardly believe what we saw. We threw some of our dogs' freshly killed seal meat into the water in the hope of tempting their appetites. But they ignored the meat.

How the whales came to be in pools seventy-five miles from the sea was hard to explain. I can only suppose that they were corralled there by the expanding ice. Why, though, were they not hungry, and what was their fate?

The answers to these questions are secrets of the Antarctic. At first I thought that the whales had been attracted by an abundance of krill—small, shrimp-like fish—but then, killers don't normally eat krill. They may have been able to return to the sea, punching holes in the ice every few minutes to breathe, yet I doubt it. A more likely explanation is that the pools froze over completely. Then occurred the unusual tragedy of whales drowning.

We went to the pools several times a day, drawn by a strange fascination. To begin with, I was mainly concerned with the whales, but Taylor noticed that the seals were behaving oddly. They were lethargic and sluggish. I little realized that it was the prelude to the holocaust I witnessed on our return.

When Worswick and Willis arrived on

A husky is weighed to determine its work output—and whether it needs extra rations

The survey run to Cape Alexander was the toughest phase of the thousand-mile trip. Leppard plotted unmapped coastal areas with theodolite and compass, and also took panoramic photographs

In an ice-locked pool, seventy-five miles from the sea, Anderson found killer whales so docile that he could stroke them. When he fell into a crevasse, Flook, leader of a dog team, went berserk, and Anderson was savaged by huskies

August 19 and we prepared to continue our journey, two huge glistening killers came to the edge of their pool. We stretched out our hands to pat them on their snouts, and were probably the first people ever to show affection for some of the world's most ferocious inhabitants.

As we started on our way again a blizzard broke out. It held us up for three days. We lay in our sleeping-bags, cursing the gale which tore at the tent like a wild animal trying to get in.

Our days of laying-up, as it was called, followed the same pattern. The alarm clock rang at 9 a.m. when the "outside man"—the one responsible for affairs outside the tent—got up, often without much enthusiasm, for the first of six weather observations which were made daily at the request of the chief meteorologist in Port Stanley.

Great importance was attached to the reports. The Antarctic, a frozen wilderness larger than Australia, has a far-reaching effect on the world's weather. For example, reports like ours have helped to forecast droughts for Central Africa.

While the "outside man" was noting the temperature, wind velocity and other details, the "inside man" prepared breakfast—porridge with sugar, buttered biscuits and tea. After that we slept or read until our midday meal—more buttered biscuits, vegetable extract, a bar of chocolate and hot cocoa. At 3 p.m. the dogs were fed; at 6 p.m. we drank coffee and ate pemmican stewed with potato and onions, and finally at 9 p.m., after the last met. observations of the day, we listened to the news radioed from base, and turned in.

When eventually, on August 22, the weather allowed us to proceed, we completed the first stage of our journey by doing the remaining forty-two miles to Longing Col in two and a half days. We reloaded with stores which had been left there for us, and sledged at a fine pace down on to the Larsen Ice Shelf, a vast floating platform of ice two hundred feet thick. Its grey whiteness undulated until it merged into the same grey whiteness of the sky.

To the west were the sheer cliffs of Graham Land—the coast we were going to map.

Suddenly it became intensely cold. That night the temperature plunged to minus forty degrees Fahrenheit. Sledging the next day was most unpleasant, and after a stand-up lunch of coffee from a vacuum flask, biscuits and chocolate, we ran into an area interspersed with crevasses.

Then trouble started. Taylor and Leppard were leading the way when their sledge overturned. Its starboard runner had sunk into a narrow crevasse. We helped them to get the sledge upright, but as I was walking back to my own sledge, Worswick, who was with the rear sledge, vanished.

We found him dangling over a gaping hole where part of the snow-bridge over another crevasse had collapsed. He had been saved by adhering to the strict rule that the man driving a sledge must keep a firm hold of the handlebars.

He was pulled out, shaken by his escape. Fortunately, his sledge had already crossed the crevasse, which was thirty feet wide, otherwise he and his dogs might have fallen hundreds of feet to their deaths.

We pressed forward over the ice shelf, cold and often blinded by drift which caked on our goggles. When, after twelve miles, we pitched our tents for the night, the temperature dropped to minus fifty degrees—eighty-two degrees of frost.

Morning came with a clear sky, but the temperature went on dropping as we sledged towards Pedersen Nunatak—"nunatak" is an Eskimo word meaning an outcrop of rock. By three o'clock in the afternoon Willis was suffering intensely. The cold had eaten into him. His stomach felt like ice, his limbs were numb, his personality completely altered. Normally cheerful, he was reluctant to go on. I decided to camp so that he could thaw out. Then a blizzard arose and we had to lay up for three days, during which period the thermometer registered eighty-six degrees of frost and the drift piled up round our tents, sledges and dogs.

We reached Pedersen Nunatak, twenty miles away, in fine and calm weather at 5.30 p.m. on August 30. To our joy, we found that a depot which had been laid the previous year was still in perfect condition. With sufficient food and fuel to support us for seventy days outwards from that point, our real work could begin.

At first light the next day, Worswick and Willis, who had been acting as the support party, returned to base. Then Leppard and Taylor set out for a detailed survey of what was marked on our maps as Evans Inlet, while Tait and I struck due south for Cape Disappointment, fifty miles away. He and I wanted to lay a depot large enough for the whole party to spend ten days in that area for a survey at a later date.

Unfortunately, Digger, our leading dog, had begun to shirk his responsibilities, and his

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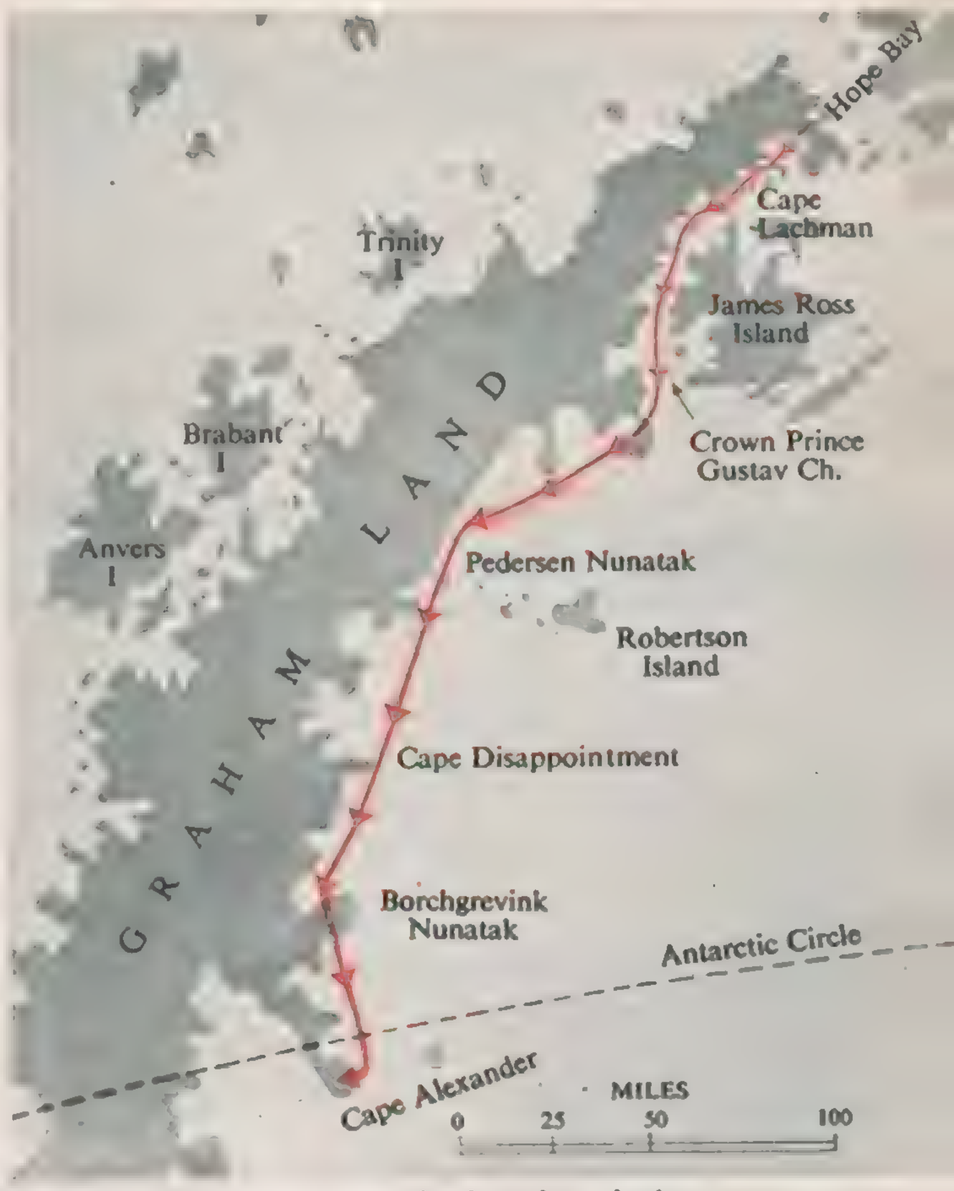


The route—along a coast broken by glaciers and towering ice cliffs. A survey of James Ross Island was made on the return journey

Assistants at a London store enjoy the amenities of an imposing foyer at Warwickshire House. They can even go shopping there

Living in luxury — for girls only

Dorothy Nicol's hostel is more like a hotel. But her "guests" still need permission to stay out late

by DAVID MILLWOOD

A RESIDENT at Warwickshire House, the largest shopgirls' hostel in the world, in Gower Street, London, complained to the warden about the behaviour of her room-mate. "She is sitting on the window-sill holding a ringing alarm clock to attract the attention of men in a block of flats opposite."

The warden, Miss Dorothy Nicol, reprimanded the offender and moved her to a room overlooking the courtyard of the building, where the only man she is likely to see is the commissionaire.

A zealous guardian of what she calls the exclusive tone of the hostel, Miss Nicol reprimands girls who sit on their boy friends' knees in the common-room or who walk about the building in hair-curlers.

She is a trim, grey-haired Scotswoman in her fifties, and lives in a flat on the first floor. Miss Nicol supervises a staff of eighty and is the benevolent head of an all-female household of 750. The residents, whose ages range between fifteen and sixty-five, regard her as a friendly manageress rather than a disciplinarian.

Miss Nicol's employers are Bourne and Hollingsworth, the Oxford Street store, who run Warwickshire House at a loss of £5,000 to £10,000 a year as a hostel for their women staff. Carefully selected "outsiders"—mostly British and foreign students—are also admitted as residents.

Conditions resemble those of a luxury hotel. "We are often accused of pampering our employees," says Miss Nicol, "particularly by those who remember how the average shopgirl lived fifty years ago—working from eight till ten and sleeping in a cold, cheerless room with the minimum of comfort above the shop."

All the bedrooms in Warwickshire House are centrally heated and have washbasins, dressing-tables, bedside lamps and power points for radio. In each of the parquet-floor corridors there are letter boxes and phone booths, and mirrors angled to give a back-and-front reflection.

A uniformed commissionaire stands at the doorway, and a loudspeaker system is operated at the reception desk to notify residents of the arrival of their visitors. There is a shop in the foyer, a restaurant and a snack-bar. For relaxation the residents have at their disposal a swimming-pool in the basement, two television cinemas and a ballroom. Also available are a chapel, a sick bay, a library and rooms for quiet study and for entertaining friends.

The hostel does not forget the particular needs of working girls. There is a bicycle store and a special room for sewing. Washing clothes is made easy by rooms with rows of sinks and wringers, and electric machines which, for a penny, dry the washing as well. Washing hair becomes equally simple with the aid of a special room fitted with electric hair-driers.

Forty-five of the domestic staff live at the

Miss Nicol, the hostel warden, interviews all prospective residents from abroad

hostel, among them the commissionaire, Tony Harding, who is used to requests for help with odd jobs such as mending an electric iron or fixing the heel of a shoe. One evening recently, he was called to a room on the second floor to repair a handbasin tap which had jammed. As he twisted it, the tap came off in his hands. Water cascaded over him, flooding the room and seeping through the ceiling on to a girl in bed on the first floor before he reached the mains tap at the top of the building.

On another occasion, when a burst pipe flooded an upper floor, a girl using a broom to sweep water down a staircase did not see the warden mounting the stairs. Miss Nicol was almost knocked backwards by a splash of dirty water which hit her in the face.

Normally, the only chore that residents have to do themselves is bed-making; the other housework is done by a corps of daily cleaners under the supervision of four housekeepers.

Profiteering landlords, boredom and loneliness are reasons why thousands of women prefer the hostel to a bed-sitting-room. Expense is another. At Warwickshire House store employees pay 25s. a week to share a double room, or 35s. for a single room. Outside residents pay £2 and £3. These charges do not include food.

Although Warwickshire House has lost money every year since the war, when it was used by the A.T.S. as a transit camp, the firm considers that the money is well spent.

During the great freeze-up last winter department stores in London lost thousands of pounds because their employees arrived late for work. But not Bourne and Hollingsworth. However chaotic traffic conditions may become, the store is able to ensure business as usual because the hostel residents have only ten minutes to walk to get to work.

There are other advantages. "Many of our new employees are girls from the provinces," says John Roynon Newman, the merchandise and sales director. "They usually arrive in London gawky and unsure of themselves. But after a few months at Warwickshire House they acquire a certain polish, poise and self-assurance —qualities that are invaluable in their work."

Mothers who are reluctant to allow their daughters to face the perils of London in a flat or a bed-sitting room feel that a hostel is safer. "Some mothers," says Miss Nicol, "come to inspect the building and to meet me first. Occasionally I invite them to stay here a day or two to get the feel of the place."

EVERY morning, Miss Nicol issues instructions for the day to her housekeepers and catering supervisor and every evening she issues late passes to residents who want to stay out after midnight—"but they must tell me where they expect to be and what time they expect to get back. It is difficult to keep an eye on the younger ones without arousing their resentment. The excitement of living in London and earning their own living is inclined to go to their heads."

Up to midnight residents are free to come and go as they please. Some years ago, before Miss Nicol introduced the late pass system, she found that teenagers were taking advantage of a faulty lock on the ballroom door to stay out until the early hours. "Provided the reason is sound—such as a dance or a party—they can now stay out on a late pass as late as they please."

During the daytime, when residents are at work, visitors are "screened" at the front entrance by the receptionist. To allow them inside, she presses a button. A buzzer sounds and, simultaneously, the lock on the double-doors is released. "It serves effectively to keep out undesirables," says Miss Nicol.

Before coming to Warwickshire House in 1946, Miss Nicol worked for three years as domestic bursar at one of Manchester University's halls of residence for women. Born in Aberdeen, she trained in domestic science, took her diploma and worked as housekeeper in various private schools until the war, when she did similar work in hospitals.

Although she automatically accepts employees of the store as residents, she usually interviews all other applicants herself and is careful to exclude any she thinks might become trouble-makers or might "lower the tone of the hostel."

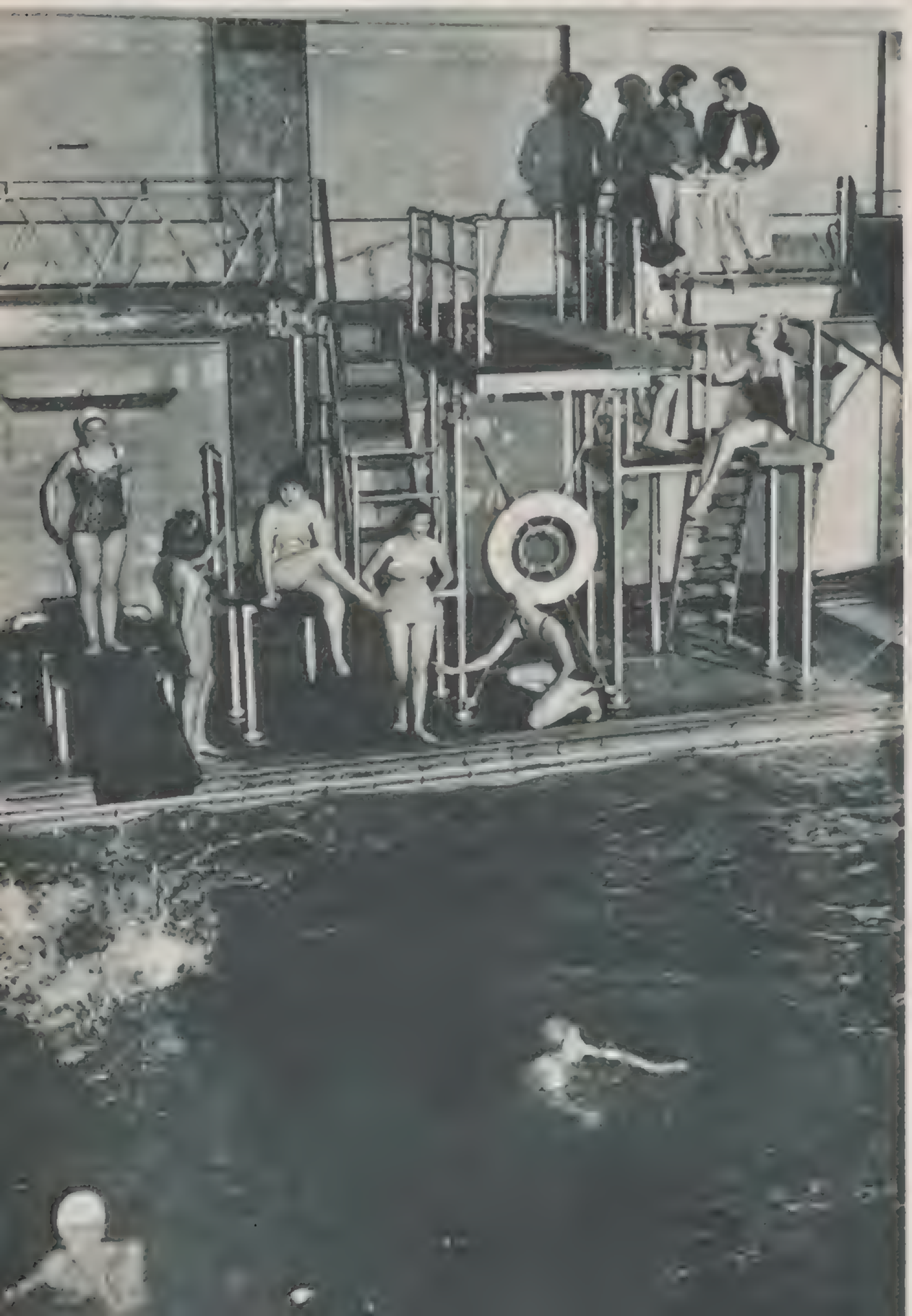
Knowing that friends of residents often get priority, a young salesgirl recently brought an Italian friend to the hostel and asked Miss Nicol if she could have a room.

There were no rooms available at that time and in any case the Italian girl did not have enough money to pay for a week's rent. But for some time Miss Nicol had been looking for someone to do domestic work in her flat.

"I offered her a job and she immediately accepted. She now lives and works in Warwickshire House—as the warden's maid." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

A cool place to relax after a warm day's work is the swimming pool in the hostel's basement. In the evening there is television in two cinemas



The last cup of coffee before going to bed is a social event. Store employees pay 25s. a week for a room they share, 35s. for a single room

Electric hair-driers and sewing machines are only two of the needs which the hostel meets. Domestic staff look after the 750 residents

Fighting doesn't pay

by EDWARD LINDALL

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MAUDSON

Not even Shan Carthew could pick a quarrel with me .... unless there was something really big to fight about

We weren't out of sight of the Carthews' big, white-painted homestead before I knew my father had been right about the needling. Nothing had been said, but the air was primed for it. We were in one of Old Simon Carthew's jeeps, going out after dingoes in the broken lands twenty miles to the north-west. A trailer loaded with gear bounced behind us on the rough, red-earth track.

Shan Carthew, Old Simon's only son, was driving. Taylor Carthew was sitting beside her brother. I was in the back with Old Simon, six feet two inches of pemmican, and straight as the Mauser repeater he held between his bony knees.

"This trip will test the principles I've taught you," my father had said. He'd told me before dawn, as I was leaving our homestead for the ten mile ride to the Carthew place. "They're going to needle you. They don't like either of us. But most of all, they don't like you making eyes at Taylor."

I was thinking about that, feeling embarrassed, when Old Simon gave a cackle that sounded like stepping on dry leaves. "This is sort of historical, Shan," he said. "One of the peace-lovin' Smiths joining a shootin' party."

"Don't chalk it up yet," Shan grunted. "He won't hit anything with that old piece of stovepipe. Even if he tries, which is doubtful."

I didn't say anything, just held my old army-surplus Lee Enfield a bit tighter and stared hard at a few head of Old Simon's prize Hereford-cross steers watching us across a water trough over to the right. Father always said the best way to keep out of a quarrel was to say nothing.

And Shan Carthew was an easy man to quarrel with. Everyone in the Australian cattle country knew that.

He had black hair, angry blue eyes, and the sort of body to back up the eyes. He was big, all bone and muscle, with no padding. His face was clean shaven, but there was a black whisker-shadow under the tanned skin. Father said he was a ladies' man. He was about thirty.

"Maybe he plans to reason them dingoes out of chewin' up our beef," Old Simon said.

"Make 'em feel like heels," Shan said.

"Oh, stop it!" Taylor flared. "You're both being unfair." She had twisted around in her seat, and her big dark eyes were flashing. "You asked Bill to come, and now you're being unfair."

She was so lovely I didn't mind then how unfair they were. She was seventeen, a year younger than I. She had sun-golden skin, with two patches of pink up near the cheekbones. Her lips were curved from smiling a lot, and she had dark, curly hair that clung around her head like a cap. She was tall for a girl. And she had a way of looking at you that was liable to start you climbing mountains, riding wild brumbies bareback, and all sorts of crazy things.

"Why shouldn't we ask him?" Old Simon snapped. "The dingoes have been pullin' his old man's cattle down, same as ours."

"We asked him out of kindness," Shan said smoothly. "It wouldn't be safe for a kid to go out by himself. You know that."

I didn't much like being called a kid. I was six feet tall, tough and wiry, and I hadn't found out how much punishment my body could take. I was a top-class cattle hand.

But it was true what Shan said. If I'd gone out on a one-man expedition to knock dingoes and had an accident, the chances are I'd have fed the birds and ants before anyone found me. That's the main reason father agreed to my joining the Carthews.

"I'm obliged for being asked," I said politely. "Us Smiths can pull our weight. I aim to kill as many dingoes as anyone else." Then I heard Old Simon give that dry laugh again, saw Shan grinning at me in the rear vision mirror, and I forgot what Father had always said about not boasting because it was a sure way to

Continued on page 45

Next thing I knew I was looking up at the stars and my head was in Taylor's lap. "How's Shan?" I said. "Did I whip him?"

A black crater four hundred feet long, three hundred wide, was left by the 50,000 tons of peat that burst into the mine

The prisoners of Knockshinnoch

by DON EVERITT

When a field dissolved into a gaping hole, 116 miners were trapped below by a vortex of oozing mud. Six years after, men still recall the battle to save them

NOBODY could remember seeing the River Nith so high. Its tributary, Robert Burns's "gentle and sweet" Afton, boiled between its banks.

The rain seemed unending. On the previous day, two inches of rain had fallen. Now a northerly gale threw the torrent down in icy gusts. It lashed and whistled across the lochs formed by mining subsidence around New Cumnock. It sent the leaden clouds scurrying over the pitheads, slag heaps and scattered houses of the Scottish town.

Across a hollowed field behind Knockshinnoch Castle Colliery, Ayrshire, two ditches choked and flooded. Water gushed into them from the surrounding hills and slopes. Puddles formed where cows had trodden the saturated soil. Thirty-eight feet below the centre of the field, water streamed through a coal face in No. 5 Heading, a working in Knockshinnoch Castle.

At six o'clock that evening, three hundred feet of roof collapsed at the top of the steep, half-mile heading. Nobody was working there at the time. Nevertheless, Daniel Strachan, the fireman in charge of the section, reported to the shift oversman, Andrew Houston, a handsome, middle-aged man of medium height and wiry build. They met near the pit bottom.

"The roof on the men's side seems all right," the fireman said. "Since the fall, the water's practically stopped running in."

Houston sent Strachan back to check the conditions while he returned to the surface to examine the field above the fall. He ran through the driving rain to the edge of the field, and saw a small sunken area at the bottom of the hollow. He went back to the pithead, telephoned the manager, William Halliday, and suggested fencing the subsidence. The manager agreed. Houston took five men, told them what to do, then left to go underground.

With the sky overcast, dusk fell early and fast. In the field the men prepared their materials. The subsidence, two feet deep, covered about forty square yards. A mine-worker named Andrew Cunningham laid out the fence uprights. He worked quickly, anxious to finish the job and get out of the rain. Suddenly a cry from behind startled him.

"Look out! Andy. Look out!"

He spun round and saw the others running away. One beckoned frantically.

Cunningham dropped the wood and ran.

"What's the matter?" he shouted.

The men pointed towards the subsidence.

Cunningham looked. The uprights he had laid out were disappearing. The earth was sagging and cracking. The hole yawned deeper and wider. Black mud seeped from under the grass and oozed into the growing vortex. The mud moved slowly, then quickened. Islands of grass slid out on the mud and disappeared.

Minutes later, a black crater, four hundred feet long, three hundred wide and forty deep, gaped at the racing clouds.

Underground, Andrew Houston had gone about half-way up the half-mile long heading when a blast of air knocked him off his balance. He hurried on for about seventy yards and met John Montgomery, a belt conveyor attendant.

"Is anything wrong?" Houston asked.

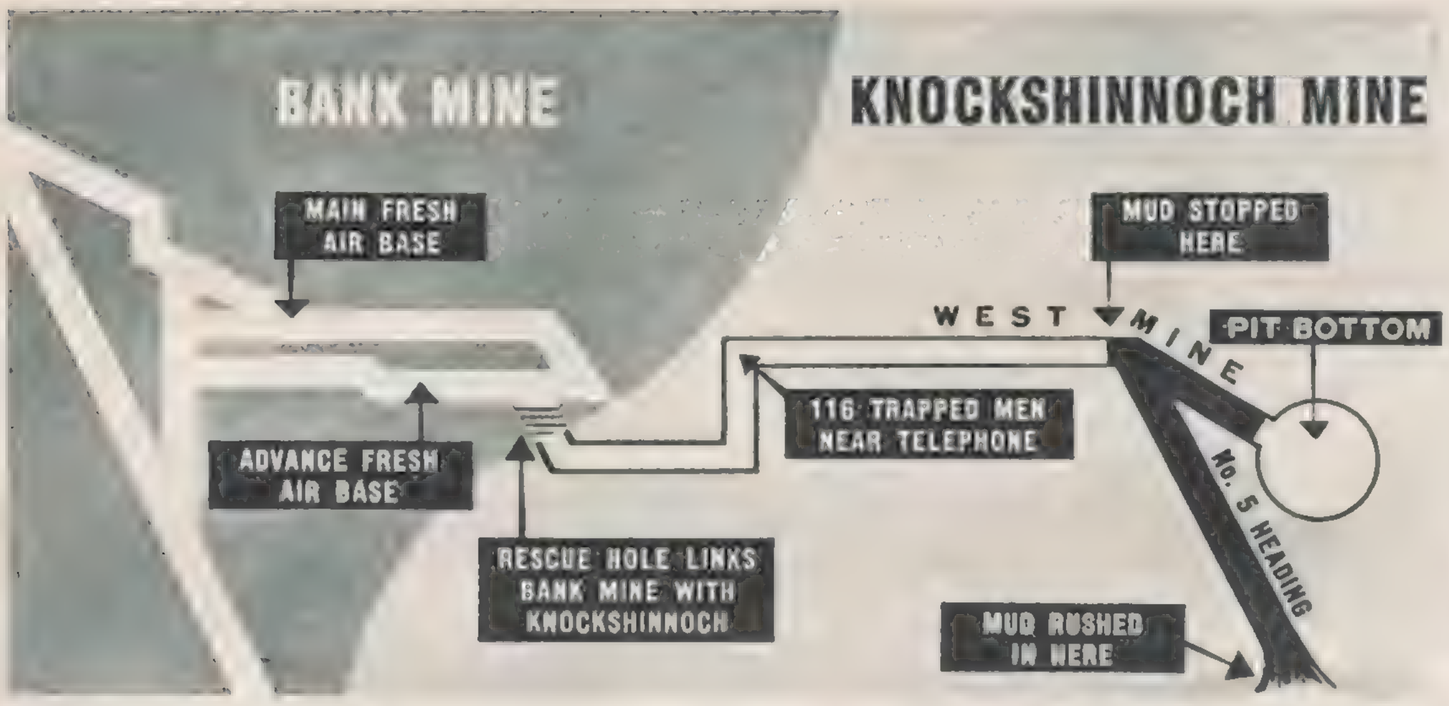
"No——"

Just then they saw a light bobbing rapidly towards them down the tunnel. James Haddow, another conveyor worker, ran up.

"My God!" he gasped. "There's something wrong in there. That belt loader is getting moved out of the road——"

A terrific roar shook the heading. Momentarily petrified, the three men saw the mechanical coal conveyor at their feet shudder and move several feet down the heading. The lights on the roof went out. Houston shouted: "We'd better get out of here."

The inrush, the greatest in mining history, occurred at 7.30 p.m. on Thursday, September 7, 1950. More than 50,000 tons of water-logged peat burst through the four and a half foot rock layer covering the end of No. 5 Heading. The sludge surged through more than two miles of workings. It uprooted conveyors, derailed locomotives and trains of coal tubs, broke through brick walls and swept away pit props. It blocked the West Mine, the main roadway leading from the bottom of the pit shaft, for more than a quarter of a mile. Near



The oversman led the miners of No. 5 Heading *away* from the pit bottom. He knew the West Mine—and the mud—ran steeply towards it

the top of the heading eleven men were trapped, and probably dead. Behind the sludge 118 others were entombed.

As Cunningham and his companions in the field above watched the first few moments of the subsidence, the manager ran up. He asked Cunningham to try to catch Houston.

Cunningham ran to the pithead and went down the shaft. He ran along the West Mine and turned off towards No. 5 Heading. He passed a man named Howat.

"The field's falling in above the heading, Bill," Cunningham shouted. "You'd better get out." He ran on to the heading.

There he heard a rumbling like distant thunder. He stopped to ask another attendant named John Dalziel: "Have you seen the others?"

"No."

CUNNINGHAM ran on. In the light of his cap lamp, a black mist rolled towards him. The rumbling grew louder. He tried to carry on, but the mist blinded him and burned his throat and the stench stung his nostrils. Coughing, he turned back.

The roar deafened him now. Dalziel stood where he had left him. They ran down the belt conveyor heading together. Near the bottom they met Howat, coming up.

"Where are you going?"

"For my jacket."

"Leave it. You haven't time."

Cunningham rushed on. As he turned into the West Mine, a loud crack came from behind him. He had missed death by seconds. The sludge had burst through a brick wall into the main roadway. Howat, and Dalziel, who must have waited for his mate, were cut off. Their bodies were found, weeks later, sitting up against the pit wall.

Cunningham reached the pit bottom and telephoned the surface. "The manager. Quickly: it's serious." Sludge slid round his feet.

The manager came on. "What's it like?"

"Hurry up and come below."

"Why, what have you seen?"

"Sludge is pouring into the place . . . it's at my feet."

"It can't be sludge."

"It's at my feet!"

Halliday went down and saw for himself. With Cunningham and a pit bottom worker named James Holland, he tried to walk along the West Mine, but within a few yards the surging mud reached his knees. They climbed along the top of a train of full coal tubs. But before they reached the last tub they saw the sludge piling up to the roof.

Cunningham hurried to answer the pit telephone. The voice at the other end said it was

Immediately after the disaster, steps were taken to stop water flowing into the crater. Miners dug drainage ditches

Rescue parties were sent into the old Bank Mine to clear its disused workings of gas, and so open up the escape route

Fifty hours after the landslide, the first of the entombed miners reach the surface at Bank Mine. Wearing breathing sets, they had stumbled through gas-filled tunnels

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Give the family a real nourishing breakfast. It's so appetising with creamy milk and sprinkled sugar. It's nature's 100% Whole Wheat in its finest form. Good to eat and good for you! Get a packet today.

"Nine bob—but it was worth it for a spot of privacy"

Andrew Houston speaking from the innermost end of the West Mine, and that the road was blocked.

Cunningham could hardly believe what he heard: surely Houston could never have reached the West Mine? He handed the telephone to Halliday. "It's Andy Houston—or someone passing himself off as him."

It was Houston. When he had heard the roar from the top of the heading he restrained the natural inclination of Montgomery and Haddow to go down towards the pit bottom.

He led them about twenty yards up the heading, then turned up a working which he thought would take them above the level of the mud. A hundred yards on they ran into a coalface. They dashed up the next working, reached a half-mile tunnel, and ran madly down it.

Montgomery and Haddow reached the bottom almost exhausted. Houston told them to rest. He carried on to the West Mine telephone and sent three men to tell the firemen in the rest of the pit to call out their men. "Tell them to come here, and tell them not to move until I get back."

He hurried on down the West Mine towards the pit bottom. Some distance along, two men came out of the darkness. They spoke excitedly.

"You needn't go out there. It's closed. There's stuff pouring into the place. Like black porridge." Houston looked for himself at the creeping mud, then returned to the West Mine telephone.

BY now, most of the miners had gathered there, cramming the roadways. Houston checked the number present, then picked up the West Mine telephone and spoke to William Halliday. He told the manager that he could account for all his men except thirteen from the No. 5 Heading. Halliday told him he was trying to find a way through the mud.

The oversman turned to the men. He told them that they were trapped, and, since they might be there for days, they should conserve their energy. If the telephone continued to work, he would tell them all that was being done to rescue them. Meanwhile, no one was to leave the area without his permission and no one was to go alone. He asked them to move down a little way, partly so that he could speak privately on the telephone, and to sit down. They did as they were told.

It was now after eight o'clock. Houston, anxious whether or not the sludge would reach the men, walked down the West Mine again. He found the sludge moving slowly past one of the safety shelters more than seven hundred yards from the telephone. He tested for gas with his flame safety lamp, but got no reaction.

Back with the men, he told them cheerily that they had nothing to worry about, either from the mud or from gas. As a precaution, however, he arranged with his firemen that they should go in pairs to inspect the mud and test for gas every fifteen minutes.

At the pit bottom, Halliday and other miners dug desperately into the mud. Tub-load after tub-load went up the shaft. But it was no use. The mud started to fill the shaft bottom: they had to give up. At a quarter to ten, Halliday reported the disaster from the pit-head telephone to the Coal Board area officials, the mines inspectorate, the police and the superintendent of the Kilmarnock Mines Rescue Station. Outside his office, a crowd gathered.

Soon after ten, the officials called by the manager arrived. Most of the Coal Board men knew that another New Cumnock mine, Bank No. 6, had once worked the same coal seam as the one in Knockshinnoch Castle. John Bone, the agent in charge of the New Cumnock pits, said that at one point a Knockshinnoch drainage roadway had come within twenty-four feet of the Bank workings and a one and a half inch borehole had linked the two pits. But, Bone added, they had abandoned those Bank workings more than six years previously.

The Kilmarnock rescue superintendent, William Dick, went with two six-man rescue teams to explore Bank. Meanwhile, Halliday telephoned Houston and told him to tell his men that the mud would never reach them: the mine plans showed that miles of other workings to the north went slightly deeper than the West Mine telephone area. He asked Houston to examine the possible escape roadway which ran close to the Bank workings. Houston reported a clear path.

Around midnight, Dick's rescue

party entered the Bank mine. Just over a mile inside they moved into the abandoned workings. Dick watched his flame safety lamp closely. A few yards farther on he stopped. A small, blue head had appeared on the flame.

Gas!

Dick walked on cautiously. The flame head, shaped like a dunce's cap, lengthened. Suddenly it popped and went out. Dick turned and the men went back a few yards.

Firedamp—a mixture of methane and air—choked the abandoned workings. An atmosphere containing only five per cent of firedamp will explode from a spark. Firedamp can kill a man in seconds.

Six rescue workers and Terrance Morran, Dick's roly-poly assistant, fixed the nose clips and mouthpieces of their Proto breathing apparatuses. The site of the borehole through to Knockshinnoch lay five hundred yards away.

When Morran thought that they could not be far from the borehole, he gave the word to search. They examined the mine wall from the roof to the floor. They went over the likely area three times. But they did not find the hole. Shortly after 1 a.m. on the Friday morning, they reported back to Dick.

The elusive borehole was not of major importance: the trapped men themselves could breach the twenty-four feet of rock when necessary. The real problem now was to clear the gas—the trapped men could not possibly use the Proto breathing apparatus: it takes weeks to learn to handle it.

Alexander McDonald, the Coal Board's area production manager, a vigorous, middle-aged man with alert blue eyes and thinning grey hair, arrived to take control. He first fixed a position in the Bank mine's ventilation circuit as a main fresh air base, then sent to the surface for two flameproof ventilation fans which he had ordered earlier from Pennyvenie Colliery, six miles away. While they worked, McDonald and the rescue teams tried to clear some of the gas by redirecting the existing ventilation circuit. He was apprehensive about conditions in Knockshinnoch. He knew it to be a slightly gassy mine: he did not know how fast the gas would build up there.

In fact, the trapped men were still reasonably happy. They sat along the tunnels near the West Mine telephone, chatting, telling jokes, singing, drowsing. Every fifteen minutes Houston told them the results of his telephone conversations with the pithead. The firemen reported that the sludge had all but stopped moving, and no gas had collected.

The men had a theory that fresh air was reaching them, perhaps through a small hole in the sludge. Houston had doubts about this, but did not voice them.

When the first fan arrived from Pennyvenie the pit technicians and a gang of miners recruited from the crowd hurriedly loaded it on to haulage trucks and took it underground. A few minutes later, the New Cumnock rescue teams came to the surface for a rest. Two full-time teams which had arrived from Coatbridge Rescue Station took their place. Dick, meanwhile, arranged for sixteen more Proto apparatuses to be brought.

The Proto is a self-contained breathing machine with a mouthpiece and a nose clip. The apparatus supplies oxygen from a cylinder and extracts the carbon dioxide from the exhaled breath in a rubber bag containing caustic soda absorbent. Fully charged, it lasts two hours and weighs thirty-five pounds. Volunteers carried the apparatuses in and out of the pit to save the energy of the rescue men.

By five thirty on the Friday morning, ten hours after the subsidence, the electricians had installed the fan in Bank. Rescue men extended a fifty-foot length of wide canvas tube from the mouth of the fan into the gas.

McDonald hoped that fresh air blown along the tubing would displace the gas, forcing it back along the outside of the tubing and out of the mine. But a few minutes after he had switched on the fan, it was found that the gas was pouring out too fast.

The permanent fan in the pit's normal ventilation circuit was not flameproof, and too heavy a concentration of gas passing through it meant that one spark from its motor would blow the rescue teams to eternity and finally seal the fate of the trapped men.

McDonald tried to reduce the flow of gas by using the fan intermittently. In the end, he stopped the operation altogether and went to the surface to hustle the delivery of the second fan from Pennyvenie. He also sent a message, through the Knockshinnoch pithead, to Andrew Houston to say that he hoped to give the trapped men instructions to start tunnelling through to Bank in an hour's time. It was then 7.45 a.m.

The message, though much more than an hour in advance of the order, proved timely. The trapped men had grown restless. For more than thirteen hours, they had heard only that *"Rescue teams are going down Bank"* and, latterly, that *"The gas is on the move."* They had nothing to eat and only a barrel of oily water to drink. Houston had warned them only to wet their lips. They cheered the message from McDonald.

In the bright morning sunlight, the first for a fortnight, huge crowds gathered at the crater, at Knockshinnoch pithead and at the Bank mine mouth.

In the mine offices at Bank, Salvation Army officers, miners, welfare workers and local housewives made urns of tea and sandwiches. Volunteers from the crowd streamed down the mine with the food and drink, stretchers, bandages, hot water bottles, blankets and other first-aid equipment.

In the lamp cabin, a small building near the mine mouth, William Dyer, the compact thirty-six year old superintendent of the Coatbridge Rescue Station, arranged a rescue rota on a two-hours-in, four-hours-out basis.

Four of his men busily overhauled Proto apparatuses and recharged the oxygen cylinders with a hand pump. At hourly intervals Dyer called out the remaining fifteen rescue teams in the Ayrshire district. Three lorries brought them in. Another came from Glasgow with more oxygen.

At 11 a.m., Alexander McDonald returned to take charge again at the advance fresh air base. The second

TRAVEL—1

For every traveller who has any taste of his own, the only useful guide-book will be the one which he himself has written.

Aldous Huxley

Pennyvenie fan had arrived to replace the one which was not fire-proof. Once more, the gas began to move out promisingly.

Meanwhile, in Knockshinnoch, Andrew Houston had difficulty in pacifying a few of the men. More than an hour had passed since they had heard McDonald's message. They wanted to start digging through to Bank. They had been trapped for more than fourteen hours now.

At 1.15 p.m., Houston picked up the telephone to make a routine call to the pithead. He got no reply. He rang again. Still no reply. He pressed the button harder and longer: it had no effect. But at the seventh attempt, the telephone crackled and a voice said, clearly: "Hullo, Andy."

"I've been calling you."

"I've heard nothing before."

At the surface one thought leaped to everyone's mind: *If we lose touch with them now they will try to break out and run straight into the gas.*

David McCardel, the Coal Board's area general manager, who was co-ordinating the rescue operations, acted quickly. "Tell Houston," he said, "to start work on McDonald's instructions. And tell the men to go as

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and move diagonally. … withdraw, after which the survivors

for mistakes, whether in deportment or jump only for the individual honours.

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slowly as possible and give the people in Bank plenty of time to get the gas out." Houston took the message, then synchronized watches with the man at the pithead telephone. They arranged to pick up their receivers every ten minutes.

The point for the tunnel through to Bank lay seven hundred yards from the trapped men. They went to work in teams of five and in quarter-hour relays. It first took them three hours to cut through a brick wall built in front of the coal. By then, it was five o'clock.

In Bank, McDonald's men had cleared nearly three hundred feet of gas. Generally things were going well.

At six o'clock, McDonald went to the surface, leaving in charge William Summers, the production manager from the Prestwick sub-area. Summers sent in a team to start digging slowly to meet the Knockshinnoch men. Three-quarters of an hour later Houston telephoned to say that his teams had heard faintly the men in Bank and that they seemed to be working out of line. The rescuers started digging at a fresh spot. Almost immediately they heard tapping through the coal. They tapped back and got a rapid acknowledgment.

The Knockshinnoch men forgot caution and worked furiously. Suddenly, the last six inches of coal blew out and they were through.

A strong draught blew from Knockshinnoch into Bank, so strong that it broke away pieces of coal round the nine-inch hole. The sludge inrush had increased the air pressure in Knockshinnoch.

HOUSTON ran back to the West Mine to telephone the news to the pithead. There, the officials blew the pit hooter and told the crowd. Underground, some of the trapped men stood up and started to make for the rescue hole. Houston told them to sit down until they received permission to move. He went back to the rescue team. They cut the hole to a negotiable size, about three feet square, and returned to the Bank fresh air base.

Houston waited for the next team and tested the surrounding air for signs of gas. His safety lamp gave no reaction. But the draught through the rescue hole had slackened considerably. When the new team arrived, the air between the two pits was static.

The rescue men carried a crate of water bottles and meat sandwiches. Houston led them towards the West Mine. Suddenly, they saw a group of lights ahead. The rescue captain asked: "Is this where your men are?"

"No," said Houston. "This will be some of my men coming to look for me. I've been away too long." But he was wrong. Two firemen and three other men were erecting tarred canvas screens across the mine.

"What's the commotion?" Houston asked.

"Don't you know?" one of the firemen said. "This side is all gassed out."

Houston looked at his flame safety lamp. It had gone out.

When he next telephoned the pithead, he spoke in a whisper. Some of the men were excitable. He doubted whether the younger ones would obey him much longer.

In the little pithead office, a dark, stocky Scot named David Walker Park listened to the harassed conversation. Park, then forty-five and deputy labour director of the Coal Board in Scotland, came from New Cumnock and had worked as a youngster alongside many of the men now trapped.

"Why doesn't someone go down to the trapped men and tell them exactly what is being done?" Park said. "I'll go, if you like." He knew how to wear a Proto apparatus. Everyone welcomed the idea. Park took a car to Bank.

Conditions deteriorated rapidly in Knockshinnoch. Gas filtered through the rescue hole from Bank; and, now that the air pressure had dropped, gas seeped from the walls of the mine itself. Every few minutes, Houston and his firemen took their safety lamps into the roadways leading towards the

rescue hole. The gas crept towards them.

By 2 a.m. on Saturday, Houston's lamp showed two and a half per cent of gas at the roof above the West Mine telephone. He told the men to move twenty-five yards farther away from the rescue hole. He had to tell them why. Some took it badly.

Soon afterwards, a rescue team came through to the men to say that they had orders to block the rescue hole for another attempt to blow the gas out of Bank. Curses and oaths of discontent followed the rescue team on their way back to Bank.

David Park arrived at the fresh air base in Bank at 3 a.m., just after the team had blocked the hole. He had to wait an hour and a half for them to reopen it. The fans by now made little impression on the gas.

When Park arrived at the West Mine, a group of men shouted and argued near the telephone. One of them cursed wildly. Park interrupted him. "I've important things to attend to. Will you and your companions please join the other men? I'll see you in a minute." The men sullenly retreated.

Park and Houston walked through to the main body of men. A number of them jostled about, shouting, cursing, arguing. Some stood nervously listening to the clamour. The majority sat quietly. A few even tried to sleep. It took Park and Houston fifteen minutes to get silence.

Then Park explained quickly the rescue operations. He said that the attention of all Britain was on the trapped men, and that they should deport themselves creditably. This brought a flood of caustic remarks.

"Why don't some of them get us out of here?"

"Can they spare only one sandwich apiece and bottles of water?"

"Ay, what about some beer?"

"We'd be better off running for it."

Park silenced them swiftly. "I wouldn't have believed men of New Cumnock could have behaved as you are doing."

He ordered that no one was to leave the area without permission.

It was now eight o'clock on the Saturday morning. From the Bank fresh air base, Alexander Stewart sub-area production manager, reported that all attempts to move the gas from the rescue route had failed.

"I think we should start planning to get the men out with breathing apparatus," he said.

The senior Coal Board officials, reluctant to take the risk, asked him to persevere with the fans. At nine, Stewart telephoned again and said: "We must get the breathing sets." The men at the surface now agreed.

The only apparatus available in large numbers was the Salvus, a smaller, 17¾-pound edition of the Proto, with a duration of only half an hour. It was not an approved mines rescue and had never before been used to bring weak men along gas-filled tunnels. Like the Proto, it tends to cause a choking sensation in the untrained man. Here was the danger: it would require only one man to panic on the escape route and to rip off his mouthpiece to cause a disaster.

McDonald, Stewart and Richford, the mines inspector, worked out a plan for escorting the men through the gas. They estimated that the whole operation would take forty hours.

Lorries and fire engines brought more than a hundred Salvus sets and spares from fire stations, ordnance factories and naval depots from Dumfries to Stirling. More rescue brigades arrived, from Lanarkshire, from the Lothians, from Fife, from Durham.

Some time elapsed before another team took more food and water through to the trapped men. Despite Park's presence, some of them fell despondent again. Nineteen-year-old Gilbert McAughtrie was exhausted and becoming delirious. As he lay on the floor, one of his friends cradled his head in his lap and dabbed water on his lips.

Nearby, some men said that others would collapse before long. They should try to make a break for it now, while they had the strength. Park argued with them. It kept them occupied.

At 10.30 a.m., rescue teams took more food and drink through to Knockshinnoch. One of them reported back to McDonald, at the Bank fresh air base, that they had found five per cent

TRAVEL—2

To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive.

R. L. Stevenson

of gas within 150 ft. of the trapped men.

McDonald put his head in his hands. This news wrecked his rescue plans. Within twenty hours, let alone forty, most of the men would be dead. He had to find a quicker way.

In Knockshinnoch, David Park tried to cheer the men. A fresh brigade took two boxes of bar chocolate, a hypodermic injection for McAughtrie and the news that a rescue team would take him out on a stretcher. Some of the rescue men produced chewing tobacco. A few men made a wild scramble for it and coal dust started to fly. Park, anxious not to let the air get worse, hurriedly asked them to sit down.

The team came for McAughtrie just before two o'clock. They laid him on the stretcher, strapped a Salvus apparatus on him and tied his hands so that he could not pull out the mouthpiece.

In Bank, McDonald started a new escape scheme. He planned to station rescue men at intervals of twenty-five yards along the half a mile to the fresh air base. The trapped men would walk out through this chain. Volunteers stationed every hundred yards would then see the men safely to the surface.

The N.C.B. chiefs approved the plan with some misgiving, for it broke mines rescue regulations. In action, a rescue team captain has to check the pressure gauges on his team's apparatuses every twenty minutes. This way each man would work alone. Some deaths were expected.

By a quarter past two, McDonald had at the fresh air base most of the Salvus sets and five of the nine rescue brigades he needed to start the escape.

SUDDENLY there was a shout. Three rescue men ran down the heading towards him.

"The captain's dead," they shouted. "McAughtrie's lying on the stretcher in the escape hole."

The waiting rescue men hurried up the heading with stretchers, fresh apparatus and resuscitators. McDonald was distraught. He dare not visualize what lay ahead.

Three-quarters of an hour later, the captain of the rescue team and McAughtrie lay on stretchers at the fresh air base. Both were alive, revived with fresh Salvus sets. But it had taken four of the five teams assembled for the main escape to get them to safety.

In Knockshinnoch, David Park explained to the men all he knew about the Salvus. Andrew Houston and the firemen drew up an escape rota. The older men would go out first, then the married, finally the youngest. Later, Park and Houston put the more temperamental youths higher on the rota.

Just before four thirty on the Saturday afternoon, all was ready at the fresh air base: nine rescue teams, eighty-seven Salvus sets, a hundred cap lamps, five doctors, thirty stretcher bearers, resuscitators, medical supplies, tea, sandwiches, hot water. Everyone had his orders. Each rescue man had to take in two Salvus sets and a spare cap lamp, and to pass them along the chain to the West Mine telephone.

They had to tell the escaping men to walk like brides going down the aisle. If one collapsed, the rescue men had to drag him at once out of the way of the others.

At the fresh air base, scores of volunteers lined the roadway to see the men safely out. At the mine mouth itself, relief rescue teams stood by. Ambulances waited to take the injured and exhausted to Ballochmyle Hospital.

In Knockshinnoch, David Park had the battery-operated haulage locomotives placed so that their headlamps illuminated the spot where he would fit the men with Salvus sets. At five o'clock, a rescue team arrived with the first sets. The captain told Park that he could start sending the men out. Two members of that team stayed to help Park check and fit the apparatuses.

At seven minutes past five, after being trapped for forty-five hours and thirty minutes, a sixty-eight year old Spaniard named Juan Carracedo left the West Mine. Thirteen minutes later, he stumbled into someone's arms at the advance fresh air base in Bank. He smiled.

"Pleased to meet," he said. "Thank you verramuch."

By seven o'clock on the Saturday evening, thirty-nine of the trapped men had escaped, by ten thirty seventy-seven. Towards the end, the men streamed out as fast as David Park and the two rescue men could fit them with Salvus sets.

Each of the 115 men under Andrew Houston came out alive. But reports from search parties held out no hope for the thirteen miners trapped by the initial inrush.

After the last man had gone, Park and a rescue team tidied up. They made certain that no one had been left behind, asleep or in a coma. They collected all the discarded tins of explosive, the cap lamps, flame safety-lamps and Salvus parts. Park switched off the locomotive lights. He picked up the telephone.

He said: "It's eleven forty-one. I'm leaving. You won't be hearing anything more from here." THE END

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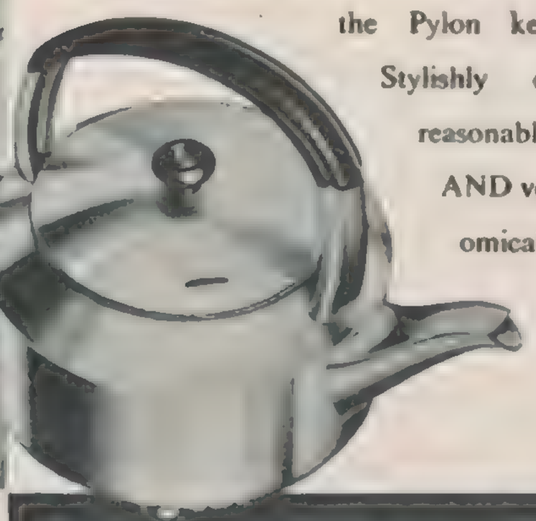

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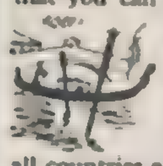

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TICK WHERE APPLICABLE

NAME

ADDRESS

TII

The man with the X-ray mind

Continued from page 17

retainer to evaluate, by psychometry, the new employees at his textile mill.

"We'd better hurry," Sonneville said.

It was dark when they reached the Nijmegen police headquarters. The instant Sonneville mentioned the name of Janson, the officer in charge, Captain Cammaert, cut him short.

"News travels fast, I see," the captain said. "We got the alarm half an hour ago. The fire brigade is there now."

Hurkos insisted he had never heard of Janson before that evening, and that the exact location of the farm was still unknown to him. "I can help you if you'll let me work on the case," he offered.

"I've no time for publicity hounds," Cammaert replied.

"Wait!" Hurkos persisted. "I'll show you—I can tell you what you're carrying in your pockets. . . ."

Shutting his eyes, he ticked off an inventory which, with few exceptions, was correct down to the last pencil stub and flake of tobacco.

Cammaert was amazed.

"If it's a trick," he said, "it's the best yet."

After getting permission by telephone from the regional police chief, he agreed to co-operate with Hurkos.

HURKOS asked first to be taken to the five farms so that he might seek what he termed a "contact." At the third farm, scrabbling around on the charred flooring of a granary, he picked up a small screwdriver. He squatted there, feeling it in silence for several minutes. Finally he announced: "It is a boy we must look for."

At his insistence the police rounded up every photograph they could find of Nijmegen youths, scouring their own identification files, photographers' studios, school yearbooks. They brought Hurkos, who installed himself at police headquarters, more than five hundred, and he began slowly examining them. Finally he selected one photograph.

"I want to talk to this boy," he said.

The police hesitated. It was a photograph of Piet Vierboom, the seventeen-year-old son of one of the wealthiest, most respected families in Nijmegen. The boy's reputation was spotless.

Hurkos insisted. "You must bring him in. You'll find him wearing blue overalls. He has a box of matches in one pocket and a bottle of some inflammable stuff—lighter fluid, I think—in the other. But he doesn't smoke."

Detectives found young Vierboom, a neat, bright-eyed lad, repairing a bicycle tyre in the family garage. His clothes and the contents of his pockets tallied with Hurkos's description. But to the detectives' questions he turned the bland and smiling face of innocence. They whisked him back to headquarters.

Hurkos questioned him carefully and courteously, then he said quietly, "You've got some deep scratches on your left leg, haven't you? They were made with barbed wire, no? Pull up your trouser leg and let's have a look."

Reluctantly, the boy obeyed. The skin from calf to thigh was scratched, red and swollen. The boy backed away, white as ash. "To you," he said, "I can't lie. . . ."

The court committed Piet Vierboom to a mental home, where he still is.

The solution of the Nijmegen case is but one of many remarkable feats, accomplished by apparently psychic means, which have made the lumbering Dutchman one of the strangest, most baffling figures in the annals of criminology. He has, to be sure, failed—at least as often as he has succeeded—but his successes have been spectacular enough to command the respect of numerous shrewd, tough-minded witnesses.

Science can offer no explanation of Hurkos's powers, though several eminent scientists accept them as genuine.

Hurkos himself advances no theory. "Ideas come into my mind somehow," he says, "and I deliver them—that's all."

Until June, 1943, when he was thirty-two, Peter Hurkos had manifested no unusual faculties of any sort. The son of a house painter in Dordrecht, he had served in the Dutch navy as a radio telegrapher. When the Germans occupied Holland, he was working with his father near The Hague. On what he calls "the day I was reborn," he was standing on a thirty-six foot ladder, painting a schoolhouse, when his foot slipped. He landed on his head, fracturing his skull.

He came to three days later in Ward Three of The Hague's Zuidwal Hospital, in a bed next to a grocer named Aard Camberg, whom Hurkos had never seen or heard of before. To his own surprise, Hurkos found himself saying: "You're a bad man."

"Why?" the grocer asked.

"When your father died recently, he left you a gold watch and you've sold it."

Dumbfounded and scared, the grocer nodded speechlessly.

To the nurse who entered the ward shortly afterwards, Hurkos pronounced: "I see you on a train. Be careful. You may lose a valise that belongs to a friend."

The nurse stared at him wide-eyed. "I've just come back from Amsterdam on the train. I left the valise in the dining-car."

She sent for the staff psychiatrist.

"It's a case of extra-sensory perception," the doctor declared. "There can be no other explanation."

Hurkos was nine weeks recuperating. "I slept badly. I couldn't find peace," he told me. "Just being near people or objects would send all kinds of disturbing images crowding into my mind."

To this day he cannot read a letter, handle an object or talk to strangers for more than a few minutes at a stretch without becoming restless and troubled. His wife spares him as many unnecessary contacts as possible.

As soon as he left the hospital, Hurkos began devising various self-tests in an effort to understand what had happened to him. He did not, he insists, achieve understanding, nor has he since, but the outcome of the tests greatly impressed an accountant from The Hague named Theo Burger, a close friend, who assisted him. With Burger at the wheel of the car, Hurkos would ride through the city blindfolded, predicting the traffic ahead.

The accountant would show him photographs and challenge him to tell which people were living or dead. His score, according to Burger, was almost one hundred per cent.

Burger would bury a scrap of gold in a sandpile and ask Hurkos to jab a pencil into the spot where he thought the gold was buried.

"He usually got it first try," says Burger.

Through Burger, word of Hurkos's clairvoyance spread. People began paying the house painter fees for private consultations. Most of them wanted to know the whereabouts of relatives and friends who had disappeared into Germany.

Hurkos undertakes a good deal of such detective work without demanding any payment beyond his expenses. "The headlines are payment enough," he says frankly. "They attract the private clients from whom I make my real living."

For these clients, now numbering more than a thousand a year, Hurkos

TRAVEL—3

A journey of a thousand miles begins with one step.

Chinese proverb

LEAVES FROM Starke's HOLIDAY GUIDE BOOK

"The local wine should be approached with caution; it can be deceptively strong"

performs a wide range of strange services, charging between 35s. and £20 per consultation, depending on the client's financial capacity. In addition to the Sonneville textile mill, two other large Nijmegen concerns—*Export Papierfabrik*, which manufactures pulp paper, and *Wassery de Valk*, a laundry—retain him to check on both personnel and equipment.

"I take regular inspection trips through the plants," he says, "and I can often sense, just by touching a machine, when a part will need replacement or if an engine is about to break down."

During the war, Hurkos worked closely with the Dutch resistance movement. Gert Goosens, a leader of the underground, once showed Hurkos a snapshot of a member of his group. "We're not sure of this man," he told Hurkos. "What's your feeling about him?"

Hurkos gripped the snapshot tightly. At length he said, "I see him wearing the uniform of a German officer. . . ."

The suspected man was watched until, several weeks later, he betrayed himself with a small linguistic blunder. Under questioning, he admitted he was a Gestapo agent. He was shot.

After the war, Hurkos took to giving public demonstrations in the Netherlands and Belgium. In October, 1946, in Limburg, Holland, he attempted his first criminal investigation. (He maintains it was at the request of the police; they say he did it on his own initiative.)

The case concerned a young coal miner named van Tossings who, coming home from work to his wife and children, was shot twice and died almost instantly on his own doorstep.

Upon "contact" with the victim's coat, Hurkos described the killer as an older man with spectacles, a moustache and a wooden leg. The police were unimpressed. "Hindsight!" they scoffed. They already had in custody a suspect answering that description, the murdered man's stepfather, Bernard van Tossings—a fact which Hurkos could easily have ascertained. The alleged motive? Jealous passion for the younger man's wife. The police could not, however, trace the murder weapon.

Hurkos told them: "Look on the roof of young van Tossings's home."

On the roof, in a rain gutter, lay the gun, two chambers discharged. Bernard van Tossings's fingerprints were found on the butt. He was sentenced to life imprisonment with hard labour.

So far and fast did reports of Hurkos's subsequent detective work spread that when the Stone of Scone disappeared from Westminster Abbey in December, 1950, his services were sought.

Scotland Yard has since denied it, but Hurkos says he is prepared to state under oath that the Yard first sent a detective to discuss the case with him in Dordrecht, then invited him to fly to London.

Two detectives, he relates, were waiting for him at the airport. They drove him straight to the Yard, let him handle the jemmy used by one of the absconders and a piece of the watch strap dropped by another in his flight. He then spent three days in the Abbey and at various spots where clues had been picked up, accompanied by a detective-sergeant and a police chauffeur.

Finally, he spent twelve hours poring over a large-scale map of London. On it he traced what he believed was the escape route. This, together with a detailed report of his activities, he forwarded to the police.

"I gave a description and character analysis of the three men and the woman involved," he insists, "which proved to be correct when Scotland Yard finally caught up with them."

It is Hurkos's word against the Yard's about whether the police co-operated with him or not. But one inexplicable fact stands out. Though his tracing of the escape route was only partially accurate, the descriptions which he appended of buildings, streets, landmarks and scenery along the way were amazingly accurate. Yet Hurkos was a total stranger to London.

A case in which there is no dispute about the part Hurkos played occurred in Phalempin, a town of northern France, not long after the Nijmegen fires. Four-year-old Joelle Ringot had left her house after lunch to join some playmates in a nearby field. She never got there. When, after eight days, the police failed to find her, the townsfolk set up a fund and collected 200,000 francs (about £200) to defray Hurkos's travelling expenses.

Hurkos asked Joelle's mother to show him the child's bedroom. Three small beds stood close together. "This is Joelle's bed, isn't it?" he said, touching the middle one. Madame nodded.

He stripped off a sheet and held it close to his face. Suddenly he dropped to his knees, his face contorted, gasping for breath. When he could speak again, he told the mother: "I felt a sensation of strangling. I'm afraid your little girl is dead."

To the police he said that Joelle Ringot had been murdered—in all probability suffocated—and her body tossed into a deep pit of some sort. He could add no other details, neither the locality nor the character of the killer. But very soon after, the police detained on suspicion an alcoholic and deranged woman.

With little hesitation and no regret, she told how she had kidnapped and choked Joelle Ringot to death. Following her indications, the police hauled the body out of a cesspool. The woman is in hospital, a hopeless maniac.

Under the aegis of a Belgian promoter, Réne van Straaten, Hurkos has toured Europe, staging public demonstrations and conducting various kinds of investigations. One feat of divining in France, which a high-ranking police official of the Lille *Sûreté Nationale*, fully confirms, was the recovery of the Roubaix treasure.

During the German occupation the private possession of gold was illegal in

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France. But many a Frenchman established a little hoard of gold. Among them was one Delbeck-Dupont, a merchant of Roubaix, a town on the Franco-Belgian border near Lille. In a vegetable bed two feet deep he buried a tin box containing seventeen ingots and thirty-six coins, the total worth 11,000,000 francs or about £11,000. In the spring of 1951 the merchant decided that he could safely dig up his treasure.

It was gone.

Frantic, he consulted Hurkos. Hurkos's "contact"—in this instance, the vegetable bed itself—led him to the home of Lucien Durnez, the merchant's part-time gardener, and his father, Gerard.

He reported back to Delbeck-Dupont: "The gardener took the gold, I'm certain of it. He had it in his house, but it's not there any longer. There's nothing to gain at present by accusing him. We must find the gold first."

He resumed the search, crossing and re-crossing every foot of the sizeable property. This went on for a time until he stopped finally at a greenhouse, ducked inside and started emptying the flower-boxes. Out tumbled the tin box.

Questioned by the police, Lucien Durnez confessed to having stumbled on the box while digging old roots out of the vegetable bed. He took it home and showed it to his father and together they decided to re-bury it temporarily in a new spot.

Father and son each got six months in jail and a fine of 25,000 francs (£25).

With his methods of divination Hurkos has also located valuable deposits of ore.

Since last year a Dordrecht road contractor named Pleun Kayzer has been profitably working an iron deposit in Germany which Hurkos spotted for him. Hurkos never set foot inside Germany. He simply indicated the place to start operations on a map.

ANOTHER recent feat proves how much Hurkos believes in himself. A question that sceptics frequently ask people who claim to possess occult power is: "If you can benefit others, why don't you do yourself some good?"

At present Hurkos is involved in a financial venture which he launched on the strength of one of his own visions. While in Sweden, he was approached by a mining engineer, Waldemar Edwall, who showed him a map of some land he owned in northern Sweden. Edwall wanted to know what value it might have in exploitable minerals.

"A fortune," Hurkos concluded, after "scanning" the map with his fingertips.

He accompanied Edwall to Sweden. Standing in the centre of the property, he predicted that it would prove particularly rich in gold and copper. They took samples to assayers in Stockholm.

The tests were encouraging. But Edwall had no stomach for the gamble. He preferred to sell his share for about £35,000.

With his and his wife's savings, and loans from friends, Hurkos raised a third of the price. For the rest he turned to J. P. van Eesteren, of Rotterdam, a leading Dutch contracting firm, not normally given to undertaking fanciful enterprises. The directors voted not only to advance the balance, but to invest millions in the mining operations in return for a substantial share of the royalties. Work is now under way—a rare instance of a serious corporation going into business with a magus.

Hurkos also makes medical diagnoses, rattling off technical terms that he says he hears with a kind of inner ear, but does not understand.

Among numerous people who testify that Hurkos has helped them is Lady Meiklereid, wife of a former British minister in charge of commercial affairs at the Embassy in Paris. She suffered from a chronic and mysterious back ailment, the nature of which, both she and her husband attest, Hurkos correctly diagnosed after a series of visits to their residence, which was then outside Paris.

In a Paris theatre not long ago, Hurkos gave a demonstration of psychometry to an audience composed largely of doctors and scientists. According to one of the most distinguished spectators, Dr. Pierre Girand, a consulting physician on hereditary diseases, Hurkos did not err once in making health and personality analyses of thirty persons from objects handed to him.

Girand took him back to his office for further tests. He showed him a lock of hair and a photograph of his twelve-year-old nephew.

"For a long time," Girand told me, "the boy had symptoms of leukemia. Because of this I did not feel he should have the usual vaccination for smallpox in case it proved toxic to his particular condition, but he was forced by law to undergo it. As I feared, he got worse.

"When I gave Hurkos the lock of hair, he clutched the arm in the exact place where the vaccination needle had penetrated and stated: 'The boy is worse because of something in his arm. There is something wrong with his blood—leukemia.' He asked me afterwards what the word meant."

Would the boy live?

"No," the Dutchman replied. "He'll be dead soon." The boy died that month.

During another session in Girand's office, Hurkos walked up to a bronze statue, touched it and remarked, "A grateful patient gave you this. He's dead now. He used to walk so." He gave a perfect imitation of the dead man's limping gait.

The third time Hurkos visited Girand the doctor's teenage son was present.

Hurkos touched the boy's chest. "Be careful of your right lung," he warned him.

"My son," Girand told me, "was then undergoing treatment for a spot in his right lung."

Hurkos uses little showmanship and no paraphernalia. He simply strokes some article belonging to the person under consideration, then speaks out in a conversational, almost colourless tone.

Except for *what* he is saying, it is a dull performance. After two or three hours of concentrated effort, however, or when, as in the Ringot case, an intimation of horror seizes him, he sometimes grows faint and has to be revived with brandy.

His wife, Maria, a plump, pretty Belgian, formerly a beauty-parlour operator, whom he married in 1947, is always at hand to minister to him. Speaking French and English, she also interprets for her husband, who speaks no language but Dutch.

I spent a large part of the last six months trying to find out all I could about Hurkos. I spoke to detectives, doctors, psychologists and Hurkos's clients in six countries.

Dordrecht, where the Hurkoses live, is a town of quiet, solidly middle-class burghers. Like most of his neighbours on humdrum Banka Street, Hurkos lives a life of extreme simplicity, seldom seeking any diversion more exciting than a film or a round of beers with friends. His only extravagance is a high-powered American car, in which he takes a childlike delight. Hurkos is in many respects a childlike man.

With his now considerable savings he plans to build a small house. His darkest fear is that he may some day lose his uncanny gift. His fondest hope is to become a father. The Hurkoses have already had one disappointment. When Madame Hurkos was pregnant for the first time two years ago, her husband foresaw a mishap and warned her to prepare herself emotionally for it. A few weeks later she had a miscarriage.

In the modest Hurkos flat in Dordrecht, I challenged him to "psychometrize" my fountain pen, wedding ring and a snapshot. Leaning earnestly across a coffee table, as we sipped *geneva*, the palate-scorching national drink, and talking as rapidly as Madame Hurkos could interpret, he snapped out facts about me. Some of them were right—that I had a rash on my left ankle, for instance; had been married twice; and was working on a historical biography. Others were wrong—that I had two children (I have four); that I have had an operation on my stomach (I have never been operated on). He complained that I was a poor subject.

Later, as I checked into his criminal investigations, I found testimony supporting Hurkos too voluminous to be dismissed. An Antwerp chief of detectives conceded that Hurkos had volunteered information of immense value in several criminal investigations. In Paris, I learned, a police chief had taken Hurkos seriously enough to give him a crack at an unsolved case.

A year earlier, in the suburb of Nanterre, two factory paymasters were robbed at pistol point by two masked bandits. The bandits had not been caught and the money was still missing.

HURKOS asked to interview the cashiers first, after which he gave a physical description of the bandits.

"It didn't tally with the paymasters' descriptions," the police chief told me, "and, of course, we'll never know which is correct unless we catch the bandits."

But he added: "There's one thing he did which struck me as remarkable. He told the first paymaster: 'You used to raise pigeons.' The man denied it at first, then remembered that as a boy he had indeed. He told the second: 'You've got a bruise on your thigh.' The man was unaware of it, but when he looked he saw quite a large bruise below the hipbone. . . . It is my belief that Hurkos has a certain limited clairvoyance. I also believe he is completely sincere."

It was from scientists that I received the strongest opinions in favour of Hurkos.

"I think he is authentic," Dr. Girand assured me. "And why not? What do we really know about man? We can only make hypotheses on our observations."

In Antwerp, Hurkos submitted himself to a bizarre experiment conducted by Dr. Rene Dellaert, an eminent nerve specialist.

While Hurkos ran through a series of photographs of people, approximately half of whom had died, Dellaert measured his brain-waves with an electro-encephalograph. According to the record of the experiment, when the person pictured was dead, the instrument would register violent fluctuations. Dellaert concluded: "Hurkos appears to have well-developed telepathic tendencies."

In Madrid, where he filled a number of public engagements last year, Hurkos aroused the scientific curiosity of Dr. Carlos Blanco-Soler, perhaps the country's foremost diagnostician and one whom Franco himself frequently consults.

Blanco-Soler invited Hurkos to give a private demonstration at his home before a gathering which included several men of science, cabinet ministers, and Franco's daughter, the Marquesa de Villaverde.

"He performed blindfold," Blanco-Soler told me. "After handling an ear-ring, a brooch and other pieces of jewellery, he described facts from the owners' past and present. In most instances he hit the nail on the head, though he made a few minor errors. He seemed to be under terrific strain and afterwards had to be given restoratives. I believe the man to be sincere, innocent of histrionics."

When I asked for a scientific explanation of Hurkos's powers, the doctor, a cautious and ultra-conservative man, declined to commit himself. He made an oblique reference, however, to telepathy.

"There is a growing acceptance of the phenomenon throughout the medical world," he said.

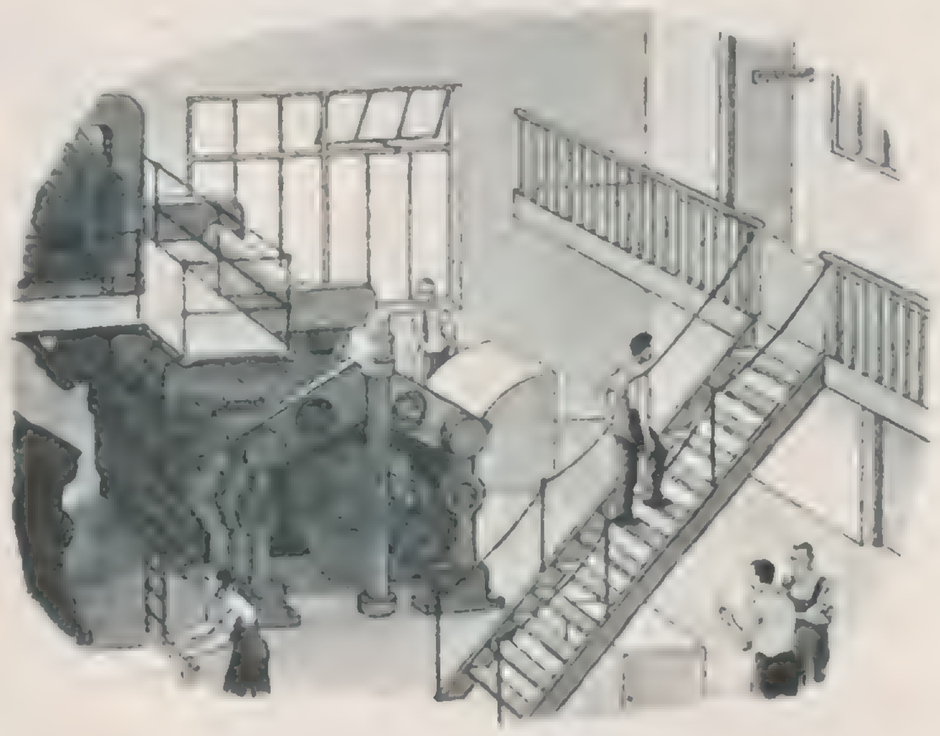
Before leaving Madrid Hurkos created a considerable stir by announcing: "Hitler is alive. I will stake my life and reputation on it."

The night after this announcement, Hurkos told me, a former member of Hitler's entourage who now lives in Madrid visited him unannounced in his room at the Residencia Don Ramon de la Cruz.

"You keep talking like that and you'll wind up with a bullet in your head," the man threatened. THE END

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 36



DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

TRAVEL—4

There is nothing that teaches us to appreciate our home comforts like foreign travel.

Goethe

Expedition south

Continued from page 21

reduced speed caused us to take three days to reach the approaches to the cape. In order to do his job well, a leader has to show insatiable interest in whatever lies ahead of him, and encourage the rest of the dogs to follow. Once, I decided to make use of feminine curiosity and found it successful to put a bitch in the lead.

After laying our depot, we set out to examine the Craine glacier. From a distance it looked like a possible route up to the plateau, but we kept sinking into deep snow and there were rifts in the ice which were too wide for us to cross.

The next day, on the way to Pedersen Nunatak, I had what I consider one of the most frightening experiences of my life. I was ski-ing ahead to encourage the dogs. The snow stuck to my skis, so I took them off. I started walking, when suddenly the snow gave way under me. I just had time to throw out my arms and cling on with my legs hanging over a crevasse.

Tait, who was driving the sledge fifty yards behind, quickly brought it up alongside—not realizing how the dogs were going to react to my predicament.

The next thing I knew was a searing pain in my head. At first I had no idea what had happened. I looked over my shoulder. Not two inches away were the bared teeth of a snarling husky.

As they came at me a second time, I put up a hand to save my eyes. Pain shot from my wrist along the length of my arm. I felt my wrist being chewed. I felt a pair of jaws close on my upper arm. And then the whole team were upon me, savaging my head, face and shoulders.

I could do nothing to fend them off because I was clinging on for my life. I screamed out for Tait. Presently I heard him lashing at the dogs with a rope. The pain ceased as he drove them away.

Tait, a quietly efficient, imperturbable Scot who used to be a lighthouse keeper, fastened one end of a nylon climbing rope to the sledge, made a bowline at the other, and threw it to me. Then he pulled me out of the crevasse.

I LAY on the ice, bleeding. There was a deep hole in my wrist, where I could see the pulse beating quickly. I heaped snow on the wound. Tait offered to put stitches in my head and face, but I thought it wiser not to risk his surgery. As with my wrist, snow stopped the bleeding by freezing the blood.

We bandaged my wounds. Then, when I stood up, I felt angry and puzzled. As a rule, a husky does not bite man. Acting on impulse, I thrashed Flook and Bodger, who had led the attack. Only afterwards did I realize that when I had fallen into the crevasse, all that they could see of me was a head sticking out above the snow—and that, in a husky's experience, is usually a seal.

We got to Pedersen Nunatak the next day and waited for Leppard and Taylor, who arrived after five days, excited by the discovery that in their opinion Evans Inlet was not an inlet, but a massive glacier, by far the largest of the entire Graham Land peninsula.

Before moving on, we weighed our dogs by hoisting them on a tripod one by one, and found that they had lost an average of 1¼ lb. each. This information was for Taylor, who was studying the work output of huskies. An electrical strain gauge fitted to his sledge enabled him to compute that with extra rations of pemmican—a kind of dehydrated meat—they were still pulling at ninety-five per cent of their capacity.

Our next objective was a survey run down the coast to our farthest point south. It was the toughest phase of the whole journey, intensely cold for the most part, with high wind, drift and treacherous snow surfaces.

We struggled in soft snow up to our knees, fell into shallow crevasses, and our sledges often overturned. Hardest

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to bear, I think, was the utter monotony of mile after mile of the ice shelf. We called it "the ice-shelf shuffle."

Leppard plotted the features of the coastline to a depth of ten miles by means of a compass and theodolite, and took panoramic photographs. Our daily mileage was recorded on a meter attached to a bicycle wheel projecting behind his sledge.

We crossed the Antarctic Circle—the second party to do it from Hope Bay. We reached Cape Alexander, then turned and retraced our steps to Borchgrevink Nunatak, a cone of black rock projecting 1,000 ft. out of the shelf. Just north of the nunatak was the Richtofen Valley, where I was next going to try for a route up to the plateau.

We climbed to get a better view of the valley, which cradled a glacier stretching from the plateau down to the shelf. We were thrilled to see that if we kept to one side of it, there was an excellent chance of getting a sledge to the top.

Morale was high as we set out up the glacier the next morning. We began the ascent between vertical walls of rock, over a surface which after four miles gave way to *sastrugi*—snow which had been whipped by the wind and frozen in jagged corrugations. All day we laboured up that valley, climbing 1,500 ft. in ten miles. We camped for the night and went on at first light. up over a false crest, where at 2,000 ft. the glacier widened out.

We were on the plateau—the plateau we thought we might never see. It extended flat and unbroken southwards to Cape Alexander, and westwards as far as we could see. To the north, about ten miles away, rose snow-free peaks which stretched from the coast right across the peninsula.

After sledging fifteen miles we reached a prominent rock which we named West End Nunatak. Further exploration was beyond our scope, but we had achieved our main target. The territory had been opened up.

We then had to make our way back to base, and the trip was not easy.

In Exasperation Inlet on October 7, we nearly lost Taylor. There was a brittle "pie crust" surface on the snow which gave way beneath us as we walked. We spread out, the sledges a hundred yards apart, with Leppard walking ahead of the leading team.

When I looked round I saw that the rear sledge had stopped. Its driver, Taylor, seemed to be in difficulties. Suddenly he disappeared. We had become accustomed to that happening, and I waited for him to struggle into view again. He did, after a while, and got to the front of the sledge to start the dogs with a shout of "Huit!"

Then, as he grabbed their trace, the crust shattered again and he fell through it. He managed to rescue himself once more, but the sledge had stopped right over a crevasse. Another attempt to start it would probably collapse the snow-bridge on which he was trapped so precariously.

None of us could go to his aid because extra weight would be added to the bridge. Very, very gently, he unlashed his loads, throwing them clear to Leppard, who had gone back to help. When everything had been taken off, the dogs were started. At the precise moment that Taylor and the sledge passed over the crevasse to safety, the bridge collapsed with a deep roar.

By this time the sheer drudgery of sledging was beginning to wear us down. We had almost ceased to talk, for no other reason than that we had nothing to say. Our senses were dulled. Tait, in his third season as a meteorologist, even began to forget the names of clouds which he had been recording every day for years. My own thoughts centred on one recurring idea that when I returned to Britain and was asked to describe travel on the Larsen Ice Shelf, I would say that it felt like living inside an enormous table-tennis ball.

The dogs, on the other hand, seemed to have recovered their lost enthusiasm, and Vanda, who was now my leader, was doing well. Taylor estimated that each team was doing the work of a two and a half horsepower engine.

In first-class weather on October 18 we sledged up the Crown Prince Gustav Channel, making good time. At six thirty that evening, I was leading when I saw two tents pitched on the ice to the west of Hidden Lake Bay. As we approached we realized that they belonged to Argentines. We straightened up instinctively, feeling like soldiers on a march past.

We were nearing the whale pools, and I was anxious to know what had become of them. I found out next morning. All that was left was a single hole in the ice, ten feet by fifteen feet. Four rorqual whales were pushing up their snouts to breathe.

The surrounding area appeared to be hummocked—and when we looked more closely we saw that the mounds were dead crab-eater seals covered by a shroud of snow.

There were about two thousand of them. We examined them to try to find out why they had died, but the corpses seemed to be of healthy animals. There was no sign of violence or convulsion; they had died in their usual attitudes.

We thought that perhaps they had starved to death when their blow holes had frozen over, yet they appeared to be stout and well fed. There had been no meteorological catastrophe, like an exceptionally heavy snowfall or excessively low temperatures; such conditions would have been noted by parties from base who had been laying depots for us.

We were completely baffled—a possible explanation of the problem was to come later—and after making detailed notes we sledged away from the place of death.

James Ross is a craggy, mountainous little island. As I stood on a 1,500-foot col and looked down the northern side of the island I saw the stiffest sledging hazard I had yet encountered—a slope with a gradient of one in three, ending abruptly in a precipice which fell five hundred feet. Just short of the precipice, we would have to traverse across to a twisting, snow-filled gully which led eventually to Sydney Herbert Sound. The descent of the slope nearly ended in complete disaster.

I sent Taylor down to survey it, while the rest of us paused to equip each sledge with a rope brake, consisting of a heavy length of thick rope looped to a toggle at one side of the sledge, passed under the runners and looped to a toggle at the other side. But before the ropes could be fitted properly, Leppard's dogs became attracted by the wide, open expanse in front of them and began to move off down the slope. My own dogs darted after them.

Our sledge brakes—spiked boards

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 34

On neither side of the stairs in the factory is there a proper hand-rail. This is an offence under the Factories Act of 1937, which states that "a substantial hand-rail shall be provided and maintained on both sides." The rope structure by these stairs, says a barrister-at-law, is not a "substantial hand-rail." On a first conviction, the owners are liable to a £20 fine.

which were trodden into the snow—proved ineffective when racing down such a steep incline. Both sledges gathered speed. We headed straight for the precipice.

I shouted to Taylor that our only hope was for him to draw the dogs off their course. He ran across the traverse, waving his arms.

Meanwhile, Leppard could no longer control his sledge—his foot had slipped off the brake—and the sledge was overtaking the dogs.

At that moment we were running parallel, his sledge fifteen yards to my left. I saw Tait leave me and run desperately to Leppard. He caught the handlebar of the runaway sledge, and for a moment was dragged along by it, but he succeeded in planting both his feet on the brake and arrested the sledge's increasing momentum.

Then the dogs swerved in pursuit of Taylor, and the sledges swung round, nearly capsizing. One of my skids missed Leppard's leader, Spark, by only a few feet.

As we reached the lesser gradient near the gully the brakes enabled us to bring the teams to a breathless halt. Rope brakes were fitted for the rest of the descent. . . .

That night we reached the Naze on James Ross Island, a narrow spit of mud, rock and shingle, jutting into a blue sea crowded with crystal bergs. It was a happy place, full of sparkle and sunshine, and we felt like children on the first day of a seaside holiday.

Taylor discovered more of the prehistoric vertebrae which we had been asked to find, and after Leppard had completed a survey of the spot, we struck camp and headed up the Sydney Herbert Sound into a blizzard which blinded us with drift like sharp hailstones. Tait's goggles were smashed.

We tried turning the sledges and sheltering behind them, hoping that the wind would relent, but eventually we were forced to camp.

The wind dropped during the night, and we were up at 4.30 a.m., aiming to reach View Point, thirty-two miles away. We were too optimistic. Open water lay across our path.

The discovery filled us with apprehension. It showed that the sea ice was breaking up sooner than we expected.

We struck towards Cape Lachman and then climbed to the base of Lachman Crags, humping our loads and manhandling the sledges. To our intense relief, the channel ice there was still intact—but we could not afford to let up because of the constant danger that a sudden blizzard might bring a further break-up of the ice, and that we would be cut off altogether.

Quickly we got down into the channel and sledged on past Red Island, not daring to camp until six miles of good, solid ice were between us and open water.

The following morning we had almost reached View Point, singing at the tops of our voices and with the dogs pulling well, when we were shocked to see open water again barring our route.

We camped under a towering, two thousand foot cliff and felt bitterly dejected at being cheated of our final goal. But at 8 p.m. Taylor stuck his bearded face through the sleeve of my tent and announced: "The Argentines have arrived, and they have radioed their base. They are yelling for air-sea rescue."

At that, my attitude changed. I was almost delighted with the situation. Here, I thought, was a chance to show the Argentines what we could do.

I went out and met their leader. He offered me the loan of his transmitter: our own battered army surplus set had long since failed. "We will wait here together," he suggested. "Argentine Navy helicopter will save us."

"No thanks," I replied. "We happen to know an alternative way to View Point. We can save *you* instead."

It was sheer bravado. I didn't know of any such way. However, we secretly got up at 4 a.m. the next morning to look for one.

Fortunately, Tait and Leppard came across a snow gully running up the cliff. "A hell of a climb, but it could be done," said Leppard—and Taylor and I, by climbing straight to the top of the cliff, cutting steps in the ice in places, saw that a smooth slope ran down to the hut at View Point.

We returned for breakfast. Then, while Tait and Leppard went on with their sledge to pioneer a route, Taylor and I waited for the five Argentines to emerge from their tents.

They were ready by 10 a.m., and we set out for the gully. As Leppard had predicted, it was a hell of a climb. We had to make frequent halts and reached the top of the cliff exhausted. By contrast, the run down the slope was delightful, and Tait had a hot meal waiting for us when we reached the hut. That night we took special pride in entertaining the Argentines.

We got back to base the following afternoon. It was wonderful to be "home" again, and with a sense of achievement I cabled the secretary of the F.I.D.S. at Port Stanley that we had discovered a route to the plateau.

I also reported the mass-death of the seals. The secretary wired London, and in a matter of hours I got a cable asking me to return the forty miles to the Crown Prince Gustav Channel to get specimens of glands and organs from the dead animals. I did not relish the task. The ice looked on the point of breaking up. But suppressing my dread of being swept out to sea, I set out with Taylor.

The crab-eaters were still buried under drifts of snow. A stiff wind sprang up as we dug some of them out. Conditions worsened, with the result

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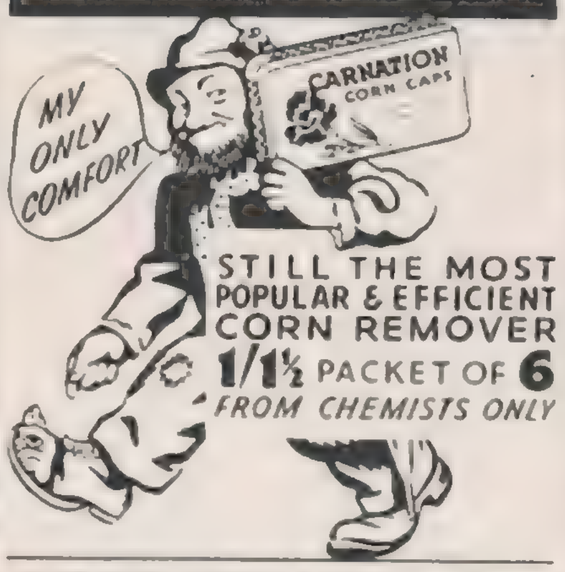

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that our post mortems were carried out in a blizzard.

We could not find anything drastically wrong with the five seals we opened, except a highly unpleasant smell. Their stomachs and intestines were empty; their kidneys appeared enlarged, and in two cases there were external white specks on the liver. Our specimens were packed in glass bottles with chemical preservatives, ready for examination by experts in London.

Back at Trinity House, as the base hut was called, we settled down in snug comfort. We prepared for the arrival of the relief ship by writing reports and making inventories of fresh stores required.

We felt content. I remember noticing one day that the pin-ups of bathing beauties above the bunks had disappeared. They had been replaced by British landscapes and pictures of flowers from seed catalogues.

The Argentines never acquired such independence of the opposite sex—but that may have been because they were not cut off from their women in quite the same way that we were. They were allowed to speak to their wives by radio-telephone, and the conversations seemed to make the men more homesick.

I also think that the Argentines accomplished far less in the Antarctic than we did. We worked really hard, and most of us came out of the experience mentally and physically improved. We also came back to accumulated savings.

There were few opportunities for spending money, and men who had not been extravagant in radioing Port Stanley for cameras and other luxuries had most of their £360-£450 annual salaries intact.

An Argentine relief ship was the first to arrive when the ice had broken up. It brought an American journalist, who visited our hut and interviewed me. He pointed to the dinner jacket which I had worn only once, at a party on Christmas Day.

"Say, is that a tuxedo?" he asked.

I decided to pull his leg. "Of course," I said. "We *always* dress for dinner in this outpost of the Empire." He immediately put it down in his notebook.

CURIOUSLY, when our own relief ship, the John Biscoe, came in just before Christmas, we were so completely set in our way of Antarctic life that we almost resented the intrusion. We did not like the crew and relief personnel coming up to the hut and disrupting our little community.

Seven of us were to be relieved. Dr. Massey, Lewis, Mander and Tait went out on the first relief call of the John Biscoe. On its second call it took Leppard, who went to Coronation Island to join a party making a summer survey. Taylor also went; he was going climbing in the Andes before returning to Britain.

I was relieved in March, on the John Biscoe's third call. I was taken to Anvers Island. There I was picked up by helicopter and taken aboard H.M.S. Protector, the "guard-ship" of the Antarctic seas which went to the aid of the Theron when she was ice-bound in the Weddell Sea, on her way to the Antarctic with part of the Commonwealth Expedition.

The Protector took me to Port Stanley, where I found that Tait had just got married.

When I went to see him, and talked of another possible expedition to the Graham Land plateau, Sally, his wife, put her foot down. "One thing is definite," she said. "Jock's not going back to the Antarctic."

Jock was now working in the office of the Falkland Islands Company at a desk job of the sort he had said he never wanted. But he and Sally looked as though they were going to be very happy.

I went by passenger ship to Monte Video, and flew on to London. After the silence I had become used to I could hardly bear the noise of the city. I went to my club. A few members were in the bar, talking. To me, it sounded as if they were shouting at the top of their voices. THE END

"The television snacks are served, your Grace"

Dead man's folly

Continued from page 14

expect, Mr. Weyman." The inspector's tone was pleasant but there was a steely ring in it that did not escape the young architect's notice: He sat down on the arm of a chair.

"Seriously," he said, "who can have wanted to murder that girl?"

"You've no ideas yourself, Mr. Weyman?"

"Well, offhand, I'd say it was our prolific authoress, the Purple Peril. Have you seen her Imperial Purple get-up? I suggest she went a bit off her onion and thought how much better the murder hunt would be if there was a real body. How's that?"

"Is that a serious suggestion, Mr. Weyman?"

"It's the only probability I can think of."

"There's one other thing I would like to ask you, Mr. Weyman. Did you see Lady Stubbs during the course of the afternoon?"

"Of course I saw her. Who could miss her? Dressed up like a mannequin——"

"When did you see her last?"

"Last? I don't know. Striking an attitude on the lawn about half-past three—or perhaps it was a quarter-to-four."

"And you didn't see her after that?"

"No. Why?"

"I wondered—because after four o'clock nobody seems to have seen her. Lady Stubbs has—vanished, Mr. Weyman."

"Vanished! Our Hattie? What's she up to, I wonder?"

"Do you know Lady Stubbs well, Mr. Weyman?"

"Never met her till I came down here four or five days ago."

"Have you formed any opinions about her?"

"I should say she knows which side her bread is buttered better than most," said Michael Weyman dryly. "A very ornamental young woman, and knows how to make the most of it."

"But mentally not very active? Is that right?"

"Depends what you mean by mentally," said Michael Weyman. "I wouldn't describe her as an intellectual, but if you're thinking that she's not all there, you're wrong." A tone of bitterness came into his voice. "I'd say she was very much all there. Nobody more so."

The inspector studied him for a moment, then he said: "And you really can't get any nearer to exact times and places between the hours I have mentioned?"

"Sorry!" Weyman spoke jerkily. "I'm afraid I can't. Rotten memory, never any good about time." He added: "Finished with me?"

As the inspector nodded, Michael Weyman left the room quickly.

"And I'd like to know," said the inspector, half to himself and half to Hoskins, "what there's been between him and her ladyship. Either he's made a pass at her and she's turned him down, or there's been some kind of a dust-up." He paused. "Well now, who else have we on the list? There's Mrs. Folliat. Perhaps you'd find her for me, Hoskins?"

Mrs. Folliat was at that moment being talked to by Hercule Poirot in the big drawing-room. He found her there leaning back in a chair in a corner of the room.

She started nervously when he came in. Then sinking back, she murmured: "Oh, it's you, Monsieur Poirot."

"I apologize, madame. I disturbed you."

"No, no—you don't disturb me. I'm just resting, that's all. I'm not as young as I was. The shock—it was too much for me." A handkerchief clutched in her small hand, she was staring up at the ceiling. She went on in a voice half stifled with emotion: "I can hardly bear to think of it. That poor girl. That poor, poor girl. . . . . So young. Just at the beginning of life."

POIROT looked at her curiously, she seemed, he thought, to have aged by about ten years since the time early in the afternoon when he had seen her, playing the gracious hostess, welcoming her guests just as though she were still mistress of Nasse.

"You said to me only yesterday, madame, it is a very wicked world."

"Did I say that?" Mrs. Folliat seemed startled. "It's true. . . . Oh, yes, I'm only just beginning to know how true it is." She added in a low voice: "But I never thought anything like this would happen."

Again Poirot looked at her curiously. "But you did expect something to happen—something out of the usual?"

"You misunderstood me, Monsieur Poirot. I only mean that it's the last thing you would expect to happen in the middle of a fête like this."

"Lady Stubbs this morning also spoke of wickedness."

"Hattie did? Oh, don't speak of her to me—don't speak of her. I don't want to think about her." She was silent for a moment or two and then said: "What did she say—about wickedness?"

"She was speaking of her cousin, Etienne de Sousa. She said that he was wicked, that he was a bad man. She said, too, that she was afraid of him."

He watched, but she merely shook her head incredulously. "Etienne de Sousa—who is he?"

"Of course, you were not at breakfast. I forgot, Mrs. Folliat. Lady Stubbs received a letter from this cousin of hers whom she had not seen since she was a girl of fifteen. He told her that he proposed to call upon her today; this afternoon."

"And did he come?"

"Yes. He arrived here about half-past four."

"Surely—d'you mean that rather handsome, dark young man who came up the ferry path? I wondered who he was at the time."

"Yes, madame. That was Mr. de Sousa."

Mrs. Folliat said energetically: "If I were you I should pay no attention to the things Hattie says." She flushed as Poirot looked at her in surprise and went on: "She is like a child. I mean, she uses terms like a child—wicked, good. No half shades."

Again Poirot wondered. He said slowly: "You know Lady Stubbs very well, do you not, Mrs. Folliat? What is she really like?"

"What a very odd question, Monsieur Poirot!"

"You know, do you not, madame, that Lady Stubbs cannot be found anywhere?"

AGAIN her answer surprised him. She expressed no concern or astonishment. She said: "So she has run away, has she? I see."

"It seems to you quite natural, that?"

"Natural? Oh, I don't know. Hattie is rather unaccountable."

"Do you think Lady Stubbs has run away because she has a guilty conscience?"

"What do you mean, Monsieur Poirot?"

"Her cousin was talking about her this afternoon. He mentioned casually that she had always been mentally subnormal. I think you must know, madame, that people who are subnormal mentally are not always accountable for their actions."

"What are you trying to say, Monsieur Poirot?"

"Such people are, as you say, very simple—like children. In a sudden fit of rage they might even kill."

Mrs. Folliat rose to her feet and turned on him in sudden anger. "Hattie was never like that. I won't allow you to say such things. She was a gentle, warm-hearted girl, even if she was . . . a little simple mentally. Hattie would never have killed *anyone*." She faced him, breathing hard, still indignant.

Poirot wondered. He wondered very much. . . .

Breaking into this scene, P.C. Hoskins made his appearance. He said in an apologetic manner: "I've been looking for you, ma'am. The inspector's compliments, and he'd be glad to have a word with you—if you feel up to it, that is."

"Of course I feel up to it." Mrs. Folliat followed Hoskins out of the room. Poirot, having risen politely, sat down again and stared up at the ceiling with a puzzled frown.

The inspector rose when Mrs. Folliat entered and the constable held the chair for her to sit down. "I'm sorry to worry you, Mrs. Folliat," said Bland. "But I imagine that you know all the people in the neighbourhood and I think you may be able to help us."

Mrs. Folliat smiled faintly. "I expect," she said, "that I know everyone round here as well as anyone could do. What do you want to know, Inspector?"

"You knew the Tuckers? The family and the dead girl?"

"Yes, of course. They've always

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been tenants on the estate. Mrs. Tucker was the youngest of a large family. Her eldest brother was our head gardener. She married Alfred Tucker, who is a farm labourer. Mrs. Tucker is a bit of a shrew. She nags the children rather.

"Most of them have married and gone into jobs now. There was just this poor child Marlene left, and three younger children. Two boys and a girl still at school."

"Now, knowing the family as you do, Mrs. Folliat, can you think of any reason why Marlene should have been killed today?"

"No, indeed I can't. It's quite, quite flabbergasting. There was no boy friend or anything of that kind. Not that I've ever heard talk of anyway."

"Now what about the people who've been taking part in this murder hunt? Can you tell me anything about them?"

"Well, Mrs. Oliver I'd never met before. She is quite unlike my idea of what a crime novelist would be. She's very upset, poor dear, by what has happened—naturally."

"And what about the other people who helped—Captain Warburton, for instance?"

"I don't see any reason why he should murder Marlene Tucker, if that's what you're asking me," said Mrs. Folliat composedly. "I don't like him very much. He's what I call a foxy sort of man, but I suppose one has to be up to all the political tricks and all that kind of thing, if one is a political agent.

"He's certainly energetic and has worked very hard over this fête. I don't think he *could* have killed the girl anyway, because I seem to remember that he was on the lawn the whole time this afternoon."

The inspector nodded. "And the Legges. What do you know about the Legges?"

"Well, they seem a very nice young couple. He's inclined to be what I should call—moody. I don't know very much about him. She was a Carstairs before her marriage and I know some relations of hers very well. They took the Mill cottage for two months and I hope they've enjoyed their holiday here. We've all got very friendly together."

THE inspector changed the direction of his questions. "There's been no trouble of any kind between Sir George and his wife, that you know of?"

"I'm sure there hasn't," said Mrs. Folliat emphatically. "And I would know if there had been."

"It wouldn't be, then, as a result of any disagreement between husband and wife, that Lady Stubbs has gone away?"

"Oh, no!" She added lightly: "The silly girl, I understand, didn't want to meet this cousin of hers. Some childish phobia. So she's run away just like a child might do. I expect she'll turn up again quite soon. Feeling rather ashamed of herself." She added carelessly: "What's become of this cousin, by the way? Is he still here in the house?"

"I understand he's gone back to his yacht."

"I see," said Mrs. Folliat. "Well, it's rather unfortunate—Hattie behaving so childishly. However, if he's staying on here for a day or so we can make her see she must behave properly."

It was, the inspector thought, a question, but although he noticed it he did not answer it.

"You are probably thinking," he said, "that all this is rather beside the point. But you do understand, don't you, Mrs. Folliat, that we have to range over rather a wide field? Miss Brewis, for instance. What do you know about Miss Brewis?"

"Well, she's an excellent secretary. More than a secretary. She practically acts as housekeeper down here. In fact I don't know what they'd do without her."

"She doesn't like Lady Stubbs very much, does she?"

"No," said Mrs. Folliat, "I'm afraid she doesn't. I don't think these good secretaries ever *do* care for wives much. Perhaps it's natural."

"Was it you or Lady Stubbs who asked Miss Brewis to take cakes and a fruit drink to the girl in the boathouse?"

Mrs. Folliat looked slightly surprised. She said: "I remember Miss Brewis collecting some cakes and things and saying she was taking them along to Marlene. I didn't know anyone had particularly asked her to do it, or arranged about it. It certainly wasn't me."

"I see. You say you were in the tea tent from four o'clock on. I believe Mrs. Legge was also having tea in the tent at that time."

"Mrs. Legge? No, I don't think so. At least I don't remember seeing her there."

"Oh well," said the inspector, "it doesn't matter."

He added smoothly: "Well, I really think that's all. Thank you, Mrs. Folliat. You've been very kind. We can only hope that Lady Stubbs will return shortly."

"I hope so, too," said Mrs. Folliat. "Very thoughtless of the dear child giving us all so much anxiety." She spoke briskly but the animation in her voice was not very natural. "I'm sure," said Mrs. Folliat, "that she's quite all right. Quite all right!"

"If this is some kind of practical joke . . ."

At that moment the door opened and an attractive young woman with red hair and a freckled face came in and said: "I hear you've been asking for me?"

"This is Mrs. Legge, Inspector," said Mrs. Folliat. "Peggy dear, I don't know whether you've heard about the terrible thing that has happened?"

"Oh, yes! Ghastly, isn't it?" said Mrs. Legge. She uttered an exhausted sigh, and sank down in the chair as Mrs. Folliat left the room. "I'm terribly sorry about all this," she said. "It seems really unbelievable. I'm afraid I can't help you in any way. You see, I've been in that stuffy tent telling fortunes all the afternoon, so I haven't seen anything of what was going on."

"I know, Mrs. Legge. But we just have to ask everybody the same routine questions. For instance, just where were you between four-fifteen and five o'clock?"

"Well, I went and had tea at four o'clock."

"In the tea tent?"

"Yes."

"Did you see anyone you knew there?"

"Oh, a few odd people, yes. Nobody to speak to. Goodness, how I wanted that tea! That was four o'clock, as I say. I got back to the fortune-telling tent at half-past four and went on with my job."

The inspector made a note in his pad. Then he said: "When did you last see Lady Stubbs?"

"Hattie? I don't really know. She was quite near at hand when I came out of the fortune-telling tent to go to tea, but I didn't speak to her. I don't remember seeing her afterwards. Somebody told me just now that she's missing. Is that true?"

"Yes, it is."

"Oh, well," said Peggy Legge cheerfully, "she's a bit queer in the top storey, you know. I dare say having a murder here has frightened her away."

"Well, thank you, Mrs. Legge."

Mrs. Legge accepted the dismissal with promptitude. She went out, passing Hercule Poirot in the doorway.

Poirot sat down in the chair Mrs. Legge had vacated. For a moment there was silence in the room. Then, looking at the ceiling, the inspector spoke. "Mrs. Legge says she was in the tea tent between four and four-thirty. Mrs. Folliat says she was in the tea tent from four o'clock on but that Mrs. Legge was not among those present. He paused and then went on: "Miss Brewis says that Lady Stubbs asked her to take a tray of cakes and a drink to Marlene Tucker. Michael Weyman says that it's quite impossible Lady Stubbs should have done any such thing—it would be most uncharacteristic of her."

"Ah," said Poirot, "the conflicting statements! Yes, one always has them."

"And what a nuisance they are to clear up, too!" said the inspector. "Sometimes they matter, but nine times out of ten they don't. Well, we've got to do a lot of spade work, that's clear."

"And what do you think now *mon cher*? What are the latest ideas?"

"I think," said the inspector gravely, "that Marlene Tucker saw something she was not meant to see. I think that it was because of what Marlene Tucker saw that she had to be killed."

"I will not contradict you," said Poirot. "The point is what *did* she see?"

"She might have seen a murder," said the inspector. "Or she might have seen the person who did the murder."

"Murder?" said Poirot, "the murder of whom?"

"What do *you* think, Poirot? Is Lady Stubbs alive or dead?"

Poirot took a moment or two before he replied. Then he said: "I think, *mon ami*, that Lady Stubbs is dead. And I will tell you why I think that. It is because Mrs. Folliat thinks she is dead. Yes, whatever she may say now, or pretend to think, Mrs. Folliat believes that Hattie Stubbs is dead.

"Mrs. Folliat," he added, "knows a great deal that we do not."

HERCULE POIROT came down to breakfast on the following morning to a depleted table. Mrs. Oliver, still suffering from the shock of yesterday's occurrence, was having her breakfast in bed. Michael Weyman had had a cup of coffee and gone out early. Only Sir George and the faithful Miss Brewis were at the breakfast table.

Sir George was giving indubitable proof of his mental condition by being unable to eat any breakfast. His plate lay almost untouched before him. He pushed aside the small pile of letters which, after opening them, Miss Brewis had placed before him. He drank coffee with an air of not knowing what he was doing. He said: "'Morning, Monsieur Poirot," perfunctorily, and then relapsed into his state of preoccupation.

At times a few ejaculatory murmurs came from him. "So incredible, the whole damn thing! Where *can* she be?"

"The inquest will be held at the Institute on Thursday," said Miss Brewis. "They rang up to tell us."

Her employer looked at her as if he did not understand. "Inquest?" he said. "Oh yes, I see." He sounded dazed and uninterested.

After another sip or two of coffee he said: "Women are incalculable. What does she think she's doing?"

MISS BREWIS pursed her lips. Poirot observed acutely enough that she was in a state of taut nervous tension.

"Never know," said Sir George, "*what* women get into their heads, or what fool things they're likely to do! You agree, eh?" He shot the last question at Poirot.

"*Les femmes?*" Poirot raised his eyebrows and his hands with Gallic fervour. Miss Brewis blew her nose in an annoyed fashion.

"She *seemed* all right," said Sir George. "Damn pleased about the new ring I'd just given her, dressed herself up to enjoy the fête. All just the same as usual. Not as though we'd had words or a quarrel of any kind. Going off without a word!"

"About your letters, Sir George—" began Miss Brewis.

"Damn the letters to hell!" said Sir George and pushed aside his coffee cup.

He picked up the letters and more or less threw them at her. "Answer them any way you like! I can't be bothered."

He went on to himself, in an injured tone: "If only I could *do* something. I think, you know, I'll put an advertisement in the papers. Take it down, Amanda, will you?" He paused a moment in thought. *Hattie. Please come home. Desperate about you. George.* "Put it in all the papers, Amanda."

Miss Brewis said acidly: "Lady Stubbs doesn't often read the papers, Sir George. Of course you could put an advertisement in *Vogue*. That might catch her eye."

Sir George said simply: "Anywhere you think, but get on with it."

He got up and walked towards the door. With his hand on the handle he paused and spoke directly to Poirot. "Look here, Poirot, *you* don't think she's dead, do you?"

Poirot fixed his eyes in his coffee cup as he replied: "I should say, Sir George, that there is no reason as yet to entertain such an idea."

"So you do think so," said Sir George heavily. "Well," he added defiantly, "I don't! *I* say she's quite all right." He went out, banging the door behind him.

Poirot buttered a piece of toast thoughtfully. In cases where there was any suspicion of a wife being murdered, he always automatically suspected the husband, but in this case he did not suspect Sir George with having done away with Lady Stubbs. From his brief observation of them he was quite convinced that Sir George was devoted to his wife.

Miss Brewis interrupted his thoughts by speaking with almost tearful venom. "Men are such fools," she said, "such absolute *fools*. They're quite shrewd about most things, and then they go marrying entirely the wrong sort of woman."

Poirot was always willing to let people talk. The more people who talked to him, and the more they said, the better. There was nearly always a grain of wheat among the chaff.

"You think it has been an unfortunate marriage?" he demanded.

"Disastrous—quite disastrous! She's a thoroughly bad influence over him in every way. She makes him run to and

fro at her beck and call. She just regards him as a kind of machine for tipping out fur coats and jewels and expensive clothes. And always playing the simpleton. A sly, scheming, clever cat, that's what she is."

"You say *is*, not *was*, I observe," said Poirot.

"Of course she isn't dead!" said Miss Brewis, scornfully. "Gone off with a man, that's what *she's* done!"

"It is possible. It is always possible," said Poirot. He took another piece of toast, inspected the marmalade pot gloomily and looked down the table to see if there were any kind of jam. There was none, so he resigned himself to butter.

"Has there—been any—trouble with men?" he asked delicately.

"Oh, she's been very clever," said Miss Brewis.

"You mean you have not observed anything of the kind?"

"She'd be careful that I shouldn't," said Miss Brewis. "But she's done her best to make a fool of Michael Weyman . . . taking him down to see the camellia gardens at this time of year . . . pretending she's so interested in the tennis pavilion. Oh yes, she's done her best to make a fool of him. She'd probably have done it too, if he hadn't had other fish to fry."

POIROT helped himself to a very little marmalade, placing it on the corner of a piece of toast and taking a mouthful dubiously. "Ah," he said. "So he has other fish to fry, Monsieur Weyman?"

"It was Mrs. Legge who recommended him to Sir George," said Miss Brewis. "She knew him before she was married. Chelsea, I understand, and all that. She used to paint, you know."

"She seems a very attractive and intelligent young woman," said Poirot tentatively.

"Oh yes, she's very intelligent," said Miss Brewis. "She's had a university education and I daresay could have made a career for herself if she hadn't married."

"Has she been married long?"

"About three years, I believe. I don't think the marriage has turned out very well. Her husband is a strange young man, very moody. Wanders off a lot by himself and I've heard him very bad-tempered with her sometimes."

"Ah, well," said Poirot, "the quarrels, the reconciliations, they are part of early married life. Without them it is possible that life would be drab."

"She's spent a good deal of time with Michael Weyman since he's been down here," said Miss Brewis. "I think he was in love with her before she married Alec Legge. I daresay it's only a flirtation on her side."

"But Mr. Legge was not pleased about it, perhaps?"

"One never knows with him, he's so vague. But I think he's been even moodier than usual, lately."

"Did he admire Lady Stubbs, perhaps?"

"I daresay she thought he did. She thinks she only has to hold up a finger for any man to fall madly in love with her."

"In any case, if she has gone off with a man, as you suggest, it is not Mr. Weyman, for Mr. Weyman is still here."

"It's somebody she's been meeting on the sly, I've no doubt," said Miss Brewis. "She often slips out of the house on the quiet and goes off into the woods by herself. She was out the night before last. Yawning and saying she was going to bed. I caught sight of her not half an hour later slipping out by the side door with a shawl over her head."

Poirot looked thoughtfully at the woman opposite him. He wondered if any reliance at all were to be placed in Miss Brewis's statements where Lady Stubbs was concerned, or whether it was entirely wishful thinking on her part. Mrs. Folliat, he was sure, did not share Miss Brewis's ideas, and Mrs. Folliat knew Hattie much better than Miss Brewis could do.

And if Hattie Stubbs had left with a lover, she had chosen a very curious time to do so, Poirot thought. For his own part he did not believe she had.

The door opened with authority and Mrs. Masterton walked in. Miss Brewis sniffed and gathered together various scattered correspondence. "If Sir George really wants those advertisements put in, I suppose I'd better see about it," she said. "Complete nonsense and waste of time. Oh, good morning, Mrs. Masterton."

"Inquest is set for Thursday, I hear," Mrs. Masterton boomed. "'Morning, Monsieur Poirot."

Poirot rose and bowed. Mrs. Masterton pulled out a chair and sat down as Miss Brewis left the room.

"Marvellous woman, that," said Mrs. Masterton. "Don't know what the Stubbses would do without her. Running a house takes some doing nowadays. Poor Hattie couldn't have coped with it. What an extraordinary business this is, Monsieur Poirot! I came to ask you what you thought about it."

"What do you yourself think, madame?"

"Well, it's an unpleasant thing to face, but I should say we've got some pathological character in this part of the world. Not a native, I hope. Perhaps been let out of an asylum—they're always letting 'em out half cured nowadays. What I mean is, no one would ever want to strangle that Tucker girl. There couldn't be any motive. I mean, except some abnormal one. And if this man, whoever he is, is abnormal I should say he's probably strangled that poor girl, Hattie Stubbs, as well."

"You think her body is somewhere on the estate?"

"Yes, Monsieur Poirot, I do. They'll find it once they search around. Mind you, with about sixty-five acres of woodland here it'll take some finding, if it's been dragged into the bushes or tumbled down a slope into the trees. What they need is bloodhounds," said Mrs. Masterton, looking as she spoke exactly like a bloodhound herself. "Bloodhounds! Yes, that's it. I shall ring up the chief constable myself and say so."

"A little point, madame," said Poirot, "how could a strange man have obtained admission to the boathouse? That would need a key."

"Oh, that," said Mrs. Masterton, "that's easy enough. Marlene Tucker came out, of course."

"Came out of the boathouse?"

"Yes. I expect she got bored like girls do. Probably wandered out and looked about her. The most likely thing, I think, is that she actually saw Hattie Stubbs murdered. Heard a struggle or something, went to see; and the man, having disposed of Lady Stubbs, naturally had to kill her too. Easy enough for him to take her back to the boathouse, dump her there and come out, pulling the door behind him. It was a Yale lock. It would pull to and lock."

Poirot nodded gently. It was not his purpose to argue with Mrs. Masterton or to point out to her the interesting fact which she had completely overlooked, that if Marlene Tucker had been killed away from the boathouse, somebody must have known enough about the murder game to put her back in the exact place and position which the victim was supposed to assume.

Instead he said gently: "Sir George Stubbs is confident that his wife is still alive."

"That's what he says, man, because he wants to believe it. He was very devoted to her, you know." She added, rather unexpectedly: "I like George Stubbs. In spite of his origins and his city background and all that, he goes down very well in the country." She paused. "Of course Amy Folliat's had something to do with that. She has sponsored them; and, mind you, she's got a lot of influence in this part of the world. Why, there have been Folliats here since Tudor times."

"There have always been Folliats at Nasse House," Poirot murmured to himself.

"Yes," Mrs. Masterton sighed. "It's sad, the toll taken by the war. Young men killed in battle—death duties and all that. Then whoever comes into a place can't afford to keep it up and has to sell——"

"But Mrs. Folliat, although she has lost her home, still lives on the estate."

"Yes," said Mrs. Masterton, "although it wouldn't be everybody's cup of tea to live at the Lodge of your old home and see strangers in possession. But to do Amy Folliat justice I don't think she feels any bitterness about that.

"In fact, she engineered the whole thing. There's no doubt she imbued Hattie with the idea of living down here, and got her to persuade George Stubbs into it. The thing, I think, that Amy Folliat couldn't have borne was to see the place turned into a hotel or institution, or carved up for building."

She rose to her feet. "Well, I must be getting along. I'm a busy woman."

"Of course. You have to talk to the chief constable about bloodhounds."

Mrs. Masterton gave a sudden deep bray of laughter. "Used to breed 'em at one time," she said. "People tell me I'm a bit like a bloodhound myself." She added: "I bet you've been thinking so, Monsieur Poirot."

After Mrs. Masterton left, Poirot went out and strolled through the woods. His nerves were not quite what they should be. He felt an irresistible desire to look behind every bush and to consider every thicket of rhododendron as a possible hiding place for a body.

HE came at last to the decorative little stone temple that was the Folly and, going inside it, sat down on the stone bench there to rest his feet, which were, as was his custom, enclosed in tight, pointed patent-leather shoes.

Through the trees he could catch faint glimmers of the river and of the wooded banks on the opposite side. He found himself agreeing with the young architect that this was no place to put an architectural fantasy of this kind. Gaps could be cut in the trees, of course, but even then there would be no proper vista.

Something that glittered caught his eye and he bent to pick it up. It had come to rest in a small crack of the concrete base of the Folly.

He held it in the palm of his hand and looked at it with a faint stirring of recognition. It was a little gold aeroplane charm.

As he frowned at it, a picture came into his mind: a bracelet; a gold bracelet hung over with dangling charms. He was sitting once more in the tent and the voice of Madame Zuleika, alias Peggy Legge, was talking of dark women and journeys across the sea and good fortune in a letter.

Yes, she had had on a bracelet from which depended a multiplicity of small gold objects; it was one of these modern fashions which repeated the fashions of Poirot's early days. Probably that was why it had made an impression on him.

Some time or other, presumably, Mrs. Legge had sat here in the Folly and one of the charms had fallen from her bracelet. Perhaps she had not even noticed it. It might have been some days ago—weeks, perhaps. Or—it might have been yesterday afternoon. . . .

Poirot considered that latter point. Then he heard footsteps outside and

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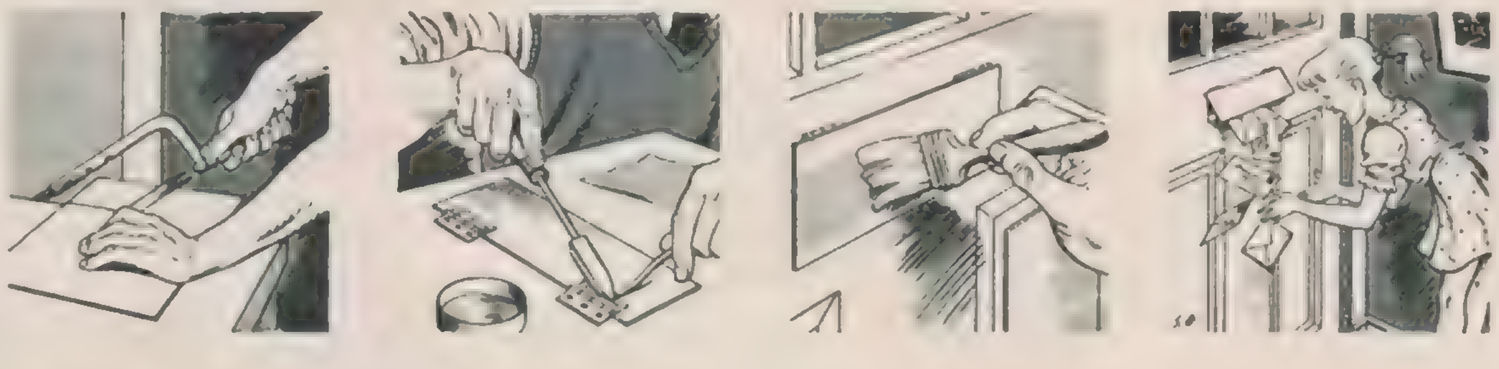

TO hide the unsightly letter slot on the inside of our front door I made a neat cover from a piece of 18-gauge brass plate. First I cut and filed the plate so that it was ¼ in. bigger all round than the slot. On to it I soldered two 1½-in. brass hinges. The plate was screwed to the door and painted. Vertical slots can be concealed in this way if the hinges are mounted at the top so that the plate drops into position under its own weight.—*Arthur Nixon, Victoria Road, Oldbury, Birmingham.*

TRAVEL—5

A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour.

Sydney Smith

NOUGAT

CREME STRAWBERRY

NUT CRUNCH

LIME CREME

Thickly covered

with Cadburys

Dairy Milk Chocolate

CARAMEL

ORANGE CREME

TURKISH DELIGHT

ALMOND WHIRL

CUSHION

MARZIPAN DIAMOND

COFFEE CREME

FROM CADBURY'S FACTORY IN A GARDEN

looked up sharply. A figure came round to the front of the Folly and stopped, startled, at the sight of Poirot.

Poirot looked with a considering eye on the slim, fair young man wearing a shirt on which tortoises and turtles were depicted. The shirt was unmistakable. He had observed it closely yesterday when its wearer was throwing for coconuts.

The young man seemed unusually perturbed. He said quickly, in a foreign accent: "I beg your pardon—I did not know—— "

Poirot smiled gently at him but with a reproving air. "I am afraid," he said, "that you are trespassing. You come from the hostel?"

"Yes. Yes I do. I thought perhaps one could get through the woods this way and so to the quay."

"I am afraid," said Poirot gently, "that you will have to go back. There is no through road."

Showing all his teeth in a would-be agreeable smile, the young man said: "I am sorry. I am very sorry." He bowed and turned away.

Poirot came out of the Folly and back on to the path, watching the boy retreat. When he got to the end of the path, the boy looked over his shoulder. Then, seeing Poirot watching him, he quickened his pace and disappeared round the bend.

"*Eh bien*," said Poirot to himself, "is this a murderer I have seen, or is it not?"

THE young man had certainly been at the fête yesterday and had scowled when he had collided with Poirot. And Poirot did not believe that he had come to the Folly looking for a path to the ferry. If he had, he would not have taken this path by the Folly but would have kept on the lower level near the river. Moreover, he had arrived at the Folly with the air of one who has reached his rendezvous, and who is badly startled at finding the wrong person at the meeting place.

"So it is like this," said Poirot to himself. "He came here to meet someone. Whom did he come to meet?" He added as an afterthought: "And why?"

He strolled down to the bend of the path and looked at it where it wound away into the trees. There was no sign of the young man in the turtle shirt now. Presumably he had deemed it prudent to retreat as rapidly as possible. Poirot retraced his steps, shaking his head.

Lost in thought, he came quietly round the side of the Folly, and stopped on the threshold, startled in his turn. Peggy Legge was there on her knees, her head bent down to the cracks in the flooring.

She looked up, startled. "Oh, Monsieur Poirot, you gave me such a shock. I didn't hear you coming."

"You were looking for something, madame?"

"I—no, not exactly."

"You had lost something, perhaps," said Poirot. "Dropped something. Or perhaps "—he adopted a roguish, gallant air—"or perhaps it is a rendezvous. I am, unfortunately, not the person you came to meet?"

She had recovered her aplomb by now. "Does one ever have a rendezvous in the middle of the morning?" she demanded, questionably.

"Sometimes," said Poirot, "one has to have a rendezvous at the only time one can. Husbands," he added sententiously, "are sometimes jealous."

"I doubt if mine is," said Peggy Legge. "He's so completely engrossed in his own affairs."

She said the words lightly enough, but behind them Poirot heard an undertone of bitterness. "All women complain of that in husbands," he said.

"I think one's a fool to marry," said Peggy Legge.

"You regret the days when you painted in your studio in Chelsea?"

"You seem to know all about me, Monsieur Poirot."

"I am a gossip," said Hercule Poirot. "I like to hear all about people." He went on: "Do you really regret, madame?"

"Oh, I don't know."

She sat down impatiently on the

"I've found a piece of paper. Do you mind hanging on while I look for a pencil?"

seat. Poirot sat beside her. He witnessed once more the phenomenon to which he was becoming accustomed. This attractive, red-haired girl was about to say things to him that she would have thought twice about saying to an Englishman.

"I hoped," she said, "that when we came down here for a holiday away from everything things would be the same again. . . . But it hasn't worked out like that."

"No?"

"No. Alec's just as moody and—oh, I don't know—wrapped up in himself. I don't know what's the matter with him. He's so nervy and on edge. People ring him up and leave queer messages for him and he won't tell me *anything*. That's what makes me mad. He won't *tell* me anything! I thought at first it was some other woman, but I don't think it is. Not really. . . ."

But her voice held a certain doubt which Poirot was quick to notice.

"Did you enjoy your tea yesterday afternoon, madame?" he asked.

"Enjoy my tea?" She frowned at him, her thoughts seeming to come back from a long way away. Then she said hastily: "Oh yes! You've no idea how exhausting it was, sitting in that tent muffled up in all those veils."

"The tea tent also must have been somewhat stifling?"

"Oh yes, it was. . . ."

"You were searching for something just now, were you not, madame? Would it by any possibility be this?" Poirot held out the little gold charm.

"I—oh, yes! Oh—thank you, Monsieur Poirot. Where did you find it?"

"It was here, on the floor, in that crack over there."

"I must have dropped it some time."

"Yesterday?"

"Oh, no, not yesterday. It was before that."

"But surely, madame, I remember seeing that particular charm on your wrist when you were telling me my fortune."

NOBODY could tell a deliberate lie better than Hercule Poirot. He spoke with complete assurance; and, before that assurance, Peggy Legge's eyelids dropped.

"I don't really remember," she said. "I only noticed this morning that it was missing."

"Then I am happy," said Poirot gallantly, "to restore it to you."

She was turning the little charm over nervously in her fingers. Now she rose. "Well, thank you, Monsieur Poirot, thank you very much," she said. Her breath was coming rather unevenly and her eyes were nervous. She hurried out of the Folly.

Poirot leaned back in the seat and nodded his head slowly. "No," he said to himself, "no, you did not go to the tea tent yesterday afternoon. It was not because you wanted your tea that you were so anxious to know if it was four o'clock. It was *here* you came yesterday afternoon. Here to the Folly. Half-way to the boathouse. You came here to meet someone."

Once again he heard footsteps approaching; rapid, impatient footsteps. "And here perhaps," said Poirot, smiling in anticipation, "comes whoever it was that Mrs. Legge came here to meet."

But then, as Alec Legge came round the corner of the Folly, Poirot ejaculated: "Wrong again!"

"Eh? What's that?" Alec Legge looked startled.

"I said," explained Poirot, "that I was wrong again. I'm not often wrong," he explained, "and it exasperates me. It was not you I expected to see."

"Whom did you expect to see?" asked Alec Legge.

"A young man—a boy almost—in one of these gaily patterned shirts with turtles on it," Poirot replied promptly.

He was pleased at the effect of his words. Alec Legge took a step forward. He said rather incoherently, "How do you know? How did—what d'you mean?"

"I am psychic," said Hercule Poirot, and closed his eyes.

Alec Legge took another couple of steps forward. Poirot was conscious that a very angry man was standing in front of him.

"What the devil did you mean?" he demanded.

"Your friend has, I think," said Poirot, "gone back to the youth hostel. If you want to see him you will have to go there to find him."

"So that's it," muttered Alec Legge. He dropped down at the other end of the stone bench. "So that's why you're down here. It wasn't a question of 'giving away the prizes.' I might have known better."

He turned towards Poirot. His face was haggard and unhappy. "I know what it must seem like," he said. "I know what the whole thing looks like. But it isn't as you think it is. I'm being victimized. I tell you that once you get into these people's clutches, it isn't so easy to get out of them. And I want to get out of them. That's the point. I want to get out of them.

"You get desperate, you know. You feel like taking desperate measures. You feel you're caught like a rat in a trap and there's nothing you can do. Oh, well, what's the good of talking? You know what you want to know now, I suppose. You've got your evidence."

He got up, stumbled a little as though he could hardly see his way, then rushed off energetically without a backward look.

Hercule Poirot remained behind with his eyes very wide open and his eyebrows rising.

"All this is very curious," he murmured. "Curious and interesting. I have the evidence I need, have I? Evidence of what? Murder?"

To be continued next week

Spirits on the roof

Continued from page 9

the *induna*, "that all your troubles—these pains in the chest, the shortness of breath, the swollen ankles—are due to a certain powder which has been made by the witch doctor for your enemy, and which contains some hair from your head."

"Hair from my head?" echoed the other, in bewilderment. "Where would they get hair from my head?"

William gestured off-handedly. "Do you not have a hair-cut at times, my father?" he queried. "Could your enemy not send one of his men to wait till the barber had finished with you, then gather together the hair which had fallen to the ground?"

"You are right, my friend," said the *induna*, through his teeth, "that is certainly how it was done. Is there any hope that I may be able to defeat this charm?"

"You have come to the right place for that," asserted William grandiloquently. "There is no doctor better qualified to help you in your great trouble than the one whom you see here." He turned politely to Dr. Stone. "The patient says, Doctor, that he understands everything, and is ready for all your treatment."

"Good! Tell him he'll have to lead a slower and more careful life than in the past, and especially try to avoid worry. Lots of rest during the day, if he can manage it, and I'll give him a bottle of medicine and some tablets, and an injection to get rid of the water in his tissues."

ONCE again, William turned to his compatriot. "Here are the doctor's words, my father: it was a lucky moment for you when you had the thought to come here.

"Now your worries are over; you may sleep in peace. We have some liquid in a bottle and some little pills which will surely overcome your enemy's charm. These we will give to you, because you are a man of importance, and it is not well that one such as you should come to harm."

He raised his hand, as the other began to stammer his thanks. "More than that: this doctor is so concerned for your health that he is going to place a needle into your arm. Into your blood will enter a spirit to protect you for many months. And all these wonders will not cost you five pounds; not even three; not even two; not even one pound. They will cost you twelve shillings and sixpence."

While Dr. Stone retired to his dispensary to make up the medicines and prepare the injection, the *induna*, in a pregnant silence, peeled off his jacket, and laid bare his muscular arm. His eyes were eloquent with gratitude and supreme appreciation for the good which was being done to him. After the injection, he placed twelve shillings and sixpence on the desk, and faced Dr. Stone with dignity. He spoke in the gracious tongue of the aristocratic Zulu nation.

"I wish you to tell your doctor, my friend, that never have I known a white man of such wisdom. Never have I hoped to meet one who understands our race as he does. He has saved me from much evil-doing, and I thank him with my heart. It is certain that all my tribesmen on the mine will come here for many years to receive treatment from him. To both of you I say—Go in peace."

"The *induna* wishes you to know, Doctor," said William, happily, "that he is very satisfied with the treatment he has found here. He thanks you."

"He's welcome," said Dr. Stone phlegmatically.

When the headman had gone, William Ramosito addressed himself earnestly to his employer before showing in the next patient. "That was an important man, Doctor. He has promised to send all the boys from the compound here when they are sick. We will get many patients through him."

"About time, too," said Dr. Stone, with a laugh. "So help me, I was beginning to think this blessed practice was bewitched." THE END

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Fighting doesn't pay

Continued from page 25

get into a quarrel. "Maybe I'll kill more than anyone else," I said. "It oughtn't to be so hard."

"You'd like a little bet?" Shan said quickly.

His cold voice set me right back and I saw how I'd let my tongue run away from my head. From the corners of my eyes I could see Old Simon grinning at me, reading me like a black tracker spotting tracks in wet sand. He knew why I'd spoken out like that, and he knew they were getting me into a corner.

"Course he won't bet," Taylor said. "Bill doesn't need to bet to prove anything."

"Well, I'm real glad to hear that," Old Simon said. "But I'd be interested to see him prove anything at all —any way at all. Moreover, I'd like to see his father prove something. . . ."

"You just don't understand," Taylor said.

"I sure don't," Old Simon said harshly. "When a man comes into this country and starts a cattle-run, I expect to find he's a man. When he isn't, I just don't understand."

Simon Carthew was a tough old character, and easily the biggest cattleman in the territory, and he looked it. He looked like he was boss of everyone; which wasn't even nearly true—but he gave you that impression.

Now Father would have counselled me not to answer that last crack of his, and if it hadn't been for Taylor maybe I would have kept my mouth shut. Father always said: "Don't explain yourself to anyone. Just go your own way, say nothing, and you'll keep out of trouble." Physical violence, to Father, was a crime.

"Mr. Carthew," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "My father is a better man than any in this territory. He doesn't argue and fight because he reckons that once a man starts fighting he puts himself way back behind the animals. Animals don't know any better, but a man should."

"Which is a high falutin' way of saying 'no guts,'" Shan grunted.

"That just shows how much you know," Taylor snorted. She turned on Old Simon, her dark eyes filled with bushfires. "And you can stop sniggering. You weren't so fond of fighting that time you had to radio the flying doctor to pull out the three teeth Mr. Herraman broke."

"You talk too much," Old Simon said sharply, "like your mother. If I'd known you was going to carry on like this, I'd have left you home and done the cookin' myself."

"Which you know is untrue," Taylor said. "You hate cooking."

"And my father doesn't go on your shooting parties because he reckons every animal and every bird's got a right to live," I said. "Trips like this one are different. A man can kill pests and he can kill for food. But my father says you men who go around shooting for fun are just murderers."

TAYLOR looked at me and smiled again. She gave a little shrug and I grinned back. But we shut up. I wanted to go on the trip badly. Not for the shooting; that was something that had to be done. I wanted to go because it meant being alone with Taylor for a whole week, walking with her every day and sitting around a campfire at night looking at her, and helping her with camp chores and talking with her. Even with Old Simon and Shan around, it would be better than seeing her only every six weeks, at the dance in the Catfish Springs hall.

I was pretty sure she felt the same way, but I wasn't certain. You could never be quite certain about women. I knew that much.

So I sat back quietly, watching the country that wasn't much to look at anyway, because it was pretty near all the same there on the plains. Just spinifex bushes and red earth and cattle. And I made myself think about my father and what he had told me.

Old Simon and Shan had certainly shown no friendliness, and their needling would probably get worse once we

left the jeep and went into the broken lands on foot. Shan might even try to force a fight. That was his form, and Father knew it.

Father wouldn't fight with anyone and he wouldn't argue. And he didn't go around shooting things for the hell of it, as I said before. Once he caught a stockman from another station shooting kangaroos on our land and, if the nearest police post hadn't been a hundred miles away, I reckon he would have given the man in charge for trespass. He was really mad.

If it had been birds the man was shooting, Father certainly would have gone to the police. Father worshipped birds. He reckoned they were the nearest things to God on earth, the only creatures that could breathe the pure air without scrambling in the dirt.

But particularly he worshipped plumed pigeons. A plumed pigeon had once led him to water in spinifex country and saved his life. The little pigeons are seed-eaters, so never stray far from water; sometimes only a bit of a pool in a rockhole, but enough to save a man. . . .

"Well, out you get, young Smith," Old Simon said. "Or are you goin' to give us a few dingoes start?"

I shook my head and blinked. We were on the edge of the broken lands and I hadn't seen them coming up. They were a big depression, about fifteen miles across, between the plains and a short range of low, rocky hills. This area, with its outcrops of rocks, big earth fissures and dry watercourses and spinifex and stunted mulga trees, was a natural base from which dingoes could raid the cattle herds.

Every so often their raids got so bad that the cattlemen had to get together and go in after them. You didn't get them all, but you knocked a lot of the boldness out of them.

I went back to the trailer and Taylor was there, starting to unload. Old Simon and Shan were looking out over the broken lands as though they could see something. It was a trick to get out of the unloading, and a way of showing me they were the big shots.

I picked up my old pack and shrugged it on. Then I fiddled around with the straps and things, trying to think what to say to Taylor.

"Thanks for sticking up for me back there," I said finally, knowing it wasn't enough, but unable to improve on it.

"It was nothing," she said.

"They're sure picking on me," I said.

She didn't say anything. She dropped an armful of bandoliers on the ground and started filling our canteens from a water tin. She was wearing a big, wide-brimmed hat. Although it was only early summer the sun could get real hot when it tried. The hat dropped shade all over her face, and made her eyes look darker.

She had on a shirt that fitted loosely so the air could circulate and keep her cool, and her arms came out of the rolled sleeves, brown and clear and soft-looking. She had a dark green skirt that was like a handclasp around her waist.

She corked the last canteen, looked up at me and smiled, a little shy smile. "Of course they're picking on you," she said. "That's why they asked you."

I picked up a bandolier and slung it across my shoulders. "But why? They like these shooting trips. Why spoil this one by asking someone they don't like?"

She swung away and started hooking a canteen to her belt. Her left cheek, which was all I could see, was red like a sunset on woolpack clouds. "Don't you know?" she said quietly.

I got it then, and it hit me fair under the heart. I remembered again what Father had said: "And most of all they don't like you making eyes at

TRAVEL—6

I dislike feeling at home when I am abroad.

G. B. Shaw

Taylor." They were wanting to make a fool of me in front of her, so she'd never look at me again.

Father had obviously known that, and I kicked myself for not having realized it before. But the thing that really knocked me was that Taylor knew what it was all about, and that meant she knew how I felt about her. I hadn't reckoned on that, and if I could have seen a rabbit hole anywhere I'd have jumped clear down it.

"Well, don't you know?" she said again. And this time she was looking straight at me.

"Yeah, sure!" I gulped. "They think I can't shoot just because the Smiths aren't hunting people. They want a laugh by showing me up."

"But don't you know why . . . ?" She stopped then, before she said it right out, and nearly stamped her foot. "Oh, skip it!" she said disgustedly. She picked up her pack and turned to her folks. "Everything's out," she called loudly. "Let's go."

So we went into the broken lands, and it was hot down there below the plains.

Taylor was walking with Shan and Old Simon. I kept well behind, ten paces or so, pretending to watch out carefully for dingo signs.

"Hey, Deerfoot," Shan yelled. "You got the safety-catch on that blowpipe?"

I stopped, checking the safety-catch with my fingers despite myself. Then I saw Old Simon was watching my hand, grinning in that tight sort of way that made his mouth look like a fold in a piece of brown paper.

"Don't worry about me," I said sharply. "Just make sure you don't get dust on that fancy gun of yours." Shan had ones of those fussy foreign repeaters, all covered with scrollwork.

"Quiet!" Old Simon said softly. "There's a dingo got his eyes on us. That big rock . . . on your left. I'll walk away and, while he's watching me, you get him, Shan."

HE *went* off slowly, looking straight ahead, and I matched Shan's slow turn, sneaking my old Lee Enfield up in the same movement. A big grey dingo stood by the rock, ears pricked and head turned to watch Old Simon. He was as handsome a wild dog as ever I'd seen . . . and unafraid. It was a shame.

Then Shan's rifle cracked. The dingo jumped high, making a funny sort of buckled turn. Then he was scrambling round in circles, snapping at his hindquarters where the slug had hit.

I aimed carefully, squeezed my trigger and heard the bullet crack into bone. The dingo dropped. He didn't move.

"What'n hell d'you think you're doing?" Shan yelled.

I looked around and he was as mad as a tiger-snake that had just shed its skin. "Putting that dingo out of pain," I said coldly. "The idea is to shoot them through the head."

For a moment I thought he was going to come at me. His face got red and his big shoulders bunched. He was going to hang one on me for sure, when Old Simon stepped in.

"Quit it!" he snapped. "We're out here to work, not for fun an' games."

He turned away without even looking at us. He was used to being obeyed. Shan went after him, slowly, but Taylor didn't move, just stood looking at me in an approving sort of way. I grinned at her, and then we were going along together.

"You're doing fine," she said. "Daddy liked the way you shot then."

"Hmm!" I said doubtfully.

"Watch Shan," she said. "He's all right. But if he's crossed he can get mean. Then you have to knock him down."

"Not me!" I told her. "I don't believe in fighting."

"You have to fight sometimes," she said. Her voice sounded fierce. "When something's big enough you have to fight."

"Nothing's that big," I said seriously. "Nothing's big enough to justify violence."

"And yet you come dingo shooting."

"Dingoes kill cattle," I said. "You know that."

"And dead cattle mean money lost to your father," she said, swiftly. "I know that, too."

That stopped our talking. She'd had her say, and my brain was left fumbling. With those few words, Taylor suddenly had made me doubt things I'd believed in all my life. Things I'd believed in so much that I had never troubled to think about them. I'd accepted my father's ideas about shooting and fighting like I'd accepted all the other things he had taught me since my mother died, way back when I was a kid. . . .

Well, I started making up for lost time, thinking, and didn't see the black dingo until he was about fifty feet from Old Simon. He was charging. I'd never heard of that before.

Old Simon shot and missed. Shan snapped one that threw up dust a hair's breadth short. Old Simon missed again.

The dog was closing fast. I snugged the Lee Enfield to my shoulder and picked the shot, just behind the left ear. I aimed an inch ahead of his nose, swung with him, held my breath to keep everything steady, and squeezed the trigger.

For a split-second nothing happened. Then his head went down, his nose ploughed into the ground and his hindquarters came up and over in a big loop.

He didn't kick even once—just

stretched out there on the warm ground, like a tired dog gone to sleep, a few feet from Old Simon.

Simon and Shan were looking at the dog when I came up. There was a lot of froth around its jaws. Its coat was stiff and wet.

"We'll bury this one," Old Simon said quietly. "Leave him out and maybe we'll have some more go mad." Then he turned to me, and I'd never seen such a change. He was grinning. His blue eyes twinkled and his leathery face seemed fatter. He punched me softly on the shoulder. "Thanks, son," he said. "Maybe Shan and me had better get a couple of those old Lee Enfields. These irons we've got seem to shoot a bit off-target."

I knew what he meant and it made me feel good. But Shan didn't say anything. He was busy scraping a hole for the dingo. But I could see he was burning up inside. I'd taken a dog away from him again, and this time he couldn't yell about it.

We went on again the way we were before. The place was alive with dingoes. We didn't strike any more crazy ones, but as they'd been let alone for a while they were plenty cheeky, hardly scared of man-scent, which was bad luck for them.

I got five, Old Simon got three, and Shan killed one. I brought mine down with eight shots, Old Simon took seven, but I lost count of how many Shan had. He had the reputation of a better-than-average shot, too. But he'd started badly and hurt his pride.

He was wild. And the more he missed the wilder he got, and then the more he missed. Old Simon kept him well away from Taylor and me; and each time I got a dog he waved and grinned, which couldn't have improved Shan's temper.

My puzzlement must have showed, because Taylor said: "Daddy's got only two ways of judging anyone: can they shoot and can they fight?"

"Well," I said, "I've shown him I can shoot, anyway. . . ."

Near nightfall we camped on a stretch of sand in a dry watercourse, with plenty of bends to keep us snug from any wind. Driftwood was everywhere, and Taylor had a fire going before our packs had really settled on the sand. It was pretty there, with the pale licks of fire and the wood crackling and the blue smoke twisting up into the evening, and Taylor bending over the fire cooking, with her dark hair falling forward and her eyes crinkled up to keep the smoke out. Wild turkeys gobbled somewhere out of sight, and little flocks of plumed pigeons chattered overhead, making back to their drinking holes in the hills.

It would have been just perfect if it hadn't been for Shan. He sat away from the three of us, arms locked around his knees, staring across the watercourse.

I WAS watching him, thinking about him, when suddenly he lost control. It happened in a split second, and yet I saw it all. I saw it start and run like a fuse burning up to a quarry charge.

First his left hand went out and gripped the fancy repeating rifle lying by his side. It didn't grope, just closed over the stock of the rifle and lifted it, without hurry but with a swift deadliness that froze me.

Then I saw he was staring upwards, and I heard the chatter of plumed pigeons overhead. I looked up quickly, saw them hop-skipping through the evening, and then the blast of his rifle jumped my senses right out through my mouth.

The report bounced back from the far bank, magnified a hundred times, and yet I clearly heard the soft thump of a pigeon's body hitting the ground. A few feathers drifted. The gay chatter of the little flock became screeches of alarm.

A horrible, belly-emptying tenseness gripped me.

Shan laughed, a hard, barking sort of laugh. "How's that for shooting?" His voice rasped with triumph. "On the wing. Do better than that, smart-aleck."

I went numb. I got to my feet and crunched out over the watercourse until I reached the pigeon. It lay there on the pebbles, crushed and bloody.

My head was dizzy. Here was the bird that had saved my father, I told myself. Not this very bird, but one like it, many years ago. The bird he loved. I turned slowly to look at Shan and it was like a bad dream. No one moved and the smell of gunpowder was hateful in my nostrils.

"Why did you do it, Shan?" I said, and my voice seemed a long way off.

I knew the answer, of course. Even dazed, I knew the answer. The frustrations of his day had simply boiled over. He'd got so crazy wild thinking about them that he just had to shoot something.

"What's it got to do with you?" he grated.

His sharp, hard voice cut through my unreality. I was about to tell him, when Old Simon butted in. "Quit it, Shan," he snapped. "Sit down an' eat."

Shan stared at him with flat, hard eyes and mouth tightly bitter. For a moment I thought he was going to defy Old Simon, but then his eyes broke away and I knew the moment of explosion had passed.

At any other time I would have let it pass, and gladly. It was futile to argue and stupid to fight, my father always said, and I believed him. But now it was different. I remembered what Taylor had said earlier in the day. "When something's big enough, you have to fight." I'd thought about it, turned it over and looked at it from all angles. And now, for the first time, I knew she was right.

"Listen, Shan," I said evenly, moving towards him. "I'll tell you why you shouldn't shoot a plumed pigeon. Why you're not going to shoot another while I'm around."

"Shut up," Old Simon said gruffly. "Sit down, both of you, an' eat."

"When I want to shoot a pigeon, I'll shoot it," Shan snapped. His eyes were shining with rage. He grabbed me by the shirt, screwed it up under my chin, and dragged me in close. "For someone who won't fight, you've got a lot to say." He rocked me to and fro, and there was nothing I could do. He was too strong. He thrust his face right into mine. "Stick around. I'll knock another one down for you, right now."

He let me go and I nearly fell. Shan grabbed his rifle. Pigeons were chattering over us again, and I thought of my father when he nearly died of thirst. . . .

I saw Shan raise his rifle and something snapped inside me. I leaped for him, fists swinging and head down. I hit him somewhere with a fist, and my head crashed into his chest.

I bore in closer, got an arm free and tried to smack a fist into his face, but I didn't have the knack of it. He moved his head and my fist sailed over his shoulder. I felt him pull his right arm away from around me, and shift his feet. I knew what that meant. I flung myself against him, wrapped a leg behind his knees and heaved. I felt him move and heaved again. I got him then. We were falling, Shan underneath.

We hit the ground with a terrible thump, and then an explosion deafened me and a flash of light nearly blinded me. Something bashed into my right leg. I heard the rifle clatter on pebbles and my eyes burned with its bitter smoke. There was no other pain. Only the crushing feeling in my leg.

Then Shan pushed me off and a vast, screeching pain shot through my body. I knew then I'd been shot. The night came down, only it was blacker than night, and torn with flashing colours and filled with a drumming noise.

NEXT thing I knew, I was looking up at the cold night stars and my head was lying on something soft, and I could hear my name being repeated over and over again.

"Taylor," I said. "How's Shan?"

She gave a funny little broken laugh. Then she kissed me and I felt strong enough to want more.

"Darling," she said. "Bill, darling."

"How's Shan?" I said. "Did I whip him?"

She gave that funny laugh again. "No," she said. "But he didn't get the pigeon, so you won." She looked up and away from me, and I saw her chin thrust out, heard her voice grow taut. "He won that much, Shan. Didn't he?"

From where I was lying, in her lap, her chin and throat made a beautiful curved line. The sudden fierceness of her voice thrilled me. I turned my head and saw Old Simon and Shan squatting big as mountains in the firelight.

"Sure he won," Shan said gruffly, heaving himself up and coming across. "No more pigeons for me." He touched my shoulder and his big hand was gentle. "Sorry about that leg. It's broken."

Right at that moment the pain got me again. I waited for it to ease. "That's all right," I said. "I bought it."

"Yeah," Shan said, and then he got a shamed look on his face. "But I acted like a louse all day."

"Forget it," I said.

"We'll shake on that," he said, and fairly crushed my hand.

Old Simon leaned over and put his hand on both of ours. "You'll do, son," he said quietly. Then he gave that funny lop-sided grin. "But let this be a lesson to you. It's like your father says, fightin' doesn't pay."

I bit my lip against another spurt of pain, then grinned right back at him. "What d'you mean fighting doesn't pay? My girl's kissed me, and she's got her arms around me, and her father and brother aren't trying to stop us. What d'you mean fighting doesn't pay?" THE END

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

Esther Sabine eloped from Nostell with one of her father's grooms

JOHN HARRISON, one of Britain's greatest clockmakers, was the son of the house carpenter at Nostell Priory. When only twenty-two, he made an eight-day clock of which the mechanism was almost entirely of wood. This clock, dated 1717, now at Nostell, has never been mended and is still working.

Harrison's father trained young Thomas Chippendale, who, as one of his assistants, made the Nostell dolls' house. This is probably the first piece of joinery by England's greatest cabinet maker. Much of the furniture at Nostell was at a later date supplied by Chippendale, whose bills and receipts for it are preserved in the house.

Sir Rowland Winn, the fifth baronet, employed Robert Adam to decorate the great mansion at Nostell and to build an additional wing. Accordingly, the house contains some of that great architect's noblest apartments.

The original building at Nostell was a priory, founded in the reign of Henry I. In 1535 the priory was dissolved and the property given by Henry VIII to Dr. Thomas Legh, described as "the fattest and most pompous" of all the rapacious royal commissioners.

Nostell passed in the reign of Elizabeth I to the Gargraves, of whom Sir Thomas was Speaker of the House of Commons. His grandson, Thomas, was executed at York for poisoning and then cremating a scullion in the kitchen oven at Nostell. His heir and half-brother wasted his estate in gambling and was reduced to driving packhorses to London for a living.

The Winn family bought Nostell in 1654 and three hundred years later vested it in the National Trust.

One of the treasures in the house is the huge portrait group of St. Thomas More and his family by Holbein. More's great-granddaughter married into the Winn family.

In the Amber Room hangs the sad and beautiful portrait of Esther Sabine Winn. She eloped at dead of night from a window of this room by a rope she twisted out of her bedclothes. Because her lover was one of her father's grooms, Esther Sabine was never allowed to revisit her old home.

How to get there: Nostell Priory is six miles from Wakefield. *Open:* Easter Eve to July 31 and September 16 to October 7, Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays and Bank Holidays; August 1 to September 15, every day; 2 till 6.

HE WON £1,250— SO CAN YOU...

plus RIVIERA WEEKEND!

LATEST winner to capture £1,250 for a *Bullet* was Mr. A. C. Gasson, 34 Ashley Park Road, Tunbridge Wells. Next for £1,250 can be *you*—and with your First Prize go the thrills of a Monte Carlo weekend for two. See that your coupon below is posted by Monday, September 10!

★ ★ ★ ★

Most meritorious of the £300-plus-Weekend First Prize "Bullets" in Contests 2,053, 2,054, 2,055 and 2,056 wins £1,250 cash—the First Prize cheque with Tournament Award added.

1,569 OTHER PRIZES

£25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2 10s.,
50 Special Prizes each value 10s., 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards.
£50 in WEEKEND CHEQUES—see coupon

THIS WAY TO £1,250

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Gardener John
The People For Us
Civilization's Peak
Germany United
When Cars Are Atomic
He's A British Workman, So
Nobody's Sweetheart
A Weekend In Heaven
The Punishment's Terrible, But
Sacked

With Spartan Endurance
Silently, Eerily
Crash! Bang! Wallop!
Criminal Carelessness
Warmly Welcomed
Bridesmaid Effie
In That Pew
Shock For Sleepytown
A Lot Of Rubbish
If Taxes Were Abolished

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

The Power We..... .....In Egypt
Busy At The ..... Taken For A.....
The Doctor's..... The .....Yawned And

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.
BULLET
EX. ..... |6d.
B
EX. ..... |6d.
B
EX ..... |6d.
B.
EX. ..... |6d.
B.

UP TO £50 EXTRA —payable in £2 10s. CASH BONUSES, accompanying each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of FIVE or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,055

Closing Postmark MONDAY, SEPT. 10

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Value .....

No. .....

Signed.....

Address.....

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GET YOUR NEW 4-in-1 "BULLETIN"

Stick 2½d. stamp on this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) for the new 4-in-1 "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, dated September 15, containing coupons for *Bullets* 2,057, 2,058, 2,059 and 2,060—and entertaining "£10,000 PUZZLE POT" feature.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....840

STICK **2½d.** STAMP here for "*Bulletin*"

Chief Winners No. 2,050

FIRST PRIZE, £300 (or £1,000 if Tournament winner) plus Test Match Weekend: W. J. Surgeoner, 7 Woodburn Drive, Belfast:

On The Economic Rocks Unless "Bridge," "Engine-room" Agree!

£25: Mrs. M. Baker, 40 Winchester Avenue, Old Roan, Aintree: TO HELP INDUSTRY—RUSH *Atom* THROUGH "APPRENTICESHIP"!

£10: L. Newton, 5 Cheapside, Shepshed, Loughborough: WAITING, WAITING, WAITING — FOR *Me* CHANGING — LUCK?

OTHER AWARDS: £9: Mrs. C. Inman, Flat 4, Arcadian, Fort Hill, Margate: LADEN WITH SUSPICION'S —"GERMS"—THAT *Forgotten* KISS! £8: R. Pargeter, Orchard House, Wellhouse Lane, Burgess Hill: ON THE ECONOMIC ROCKS—"PIRATE," THREATENING MARITIME NATIONS. £7: P. Palmer, 62 Brockley Grove, London, S.E.4: WAITING, WAITING, WAITING—THEN VISITING HOUR—*Whoosh*! £6: P. J. Bernard, 308 Royal Palace Hotel, London, W.8: DANGEROUS ANIMAL — NASSER'S "RIDING"—DAREN'T "DISMOUNT"! £5: Mrs. W. M. Cousins, 43 Stanley Road, Gelli, Rhondda: WAITING, WAITING, WAITING — PATIENTLY — *I've* BEEN WAITRESS! £5: Mrs. H. Elderkin, The Bungalow, Sandy Lane, Eastrington, Goole: IF WISHES CAME TRUE—SAYING "I'M SORRY!" *Together*. £5: S. F. Riches, "Cranley," Warren Road, Leigh-on-Sea: WHEN GRANDPA PLAYED DARTS —"THE *Dodge* AND DUCK"!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 Special Awards and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted. (Tournament winner will be announced in JOHN BULL dated September 22.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated October 6), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, September 22, for early news of No. 2,055 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 2,055, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

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Hæmorrhoids more usually known as piles, can be extremely painful. Yet, today, relief is a comparatively easy, straightforward matter; a method used in hospitals and clinics. Ask your chemist for a box of Germoloids—and follow the simple directions. People who have suffered, and suffered severely, have found in Germoloids complete relief—an experience which can seem like the beginning of a new life.

Send postcard to Dept. J.B.60, The Veno Drug Co., St. Helens, Lancs., for free informative booklet giving you the facts about hæmorrhoids, how to treat them, how to prevent them coming back.

BOX OF 12 FOR 2/6d.

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Years of RELIEF—thanks to De Witt's Pills!

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For the same "wonderful benefit" Mr. Board got, start taking De Witt's Pills TODAY! Within a few hours of taking your first dose, **you will have unmistakable evidence** that De Witt's Pills have acted directly on your kidneys. They promptly stimulate kidney action, so assisting to flush from your system those impurities that can be causing your rheumaticky aches and twinges, backache or sciatica.

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Make a meal that's a treat with
Norbert Dietch's exclusive recipe for

Haddock Monte Carlo

With over 24 years experience in London's most celebrated restaurants and hotels, Norbert Dietch — now head chef at Scott's famous restaurant, just off Piccadilly — is an acknowledged expert in fish dishes.

Ingredients: Two smoked haddock approximately 1 lb. each; 3 eggs; 2 medium onions; 3 tomatoes; 1 oz. butter; ½ pt. cream; teaspoonful tomato purée; salt and pepper to taste.
Method: Steam haddock for 10–12 minutes. For the sauce: Chop onions and fry in butter until golden brown. Add the chopped and peeled tomatoes with tomato purée and cook slowly for 5–10 minutes. Add cream and boil down to smooth consistency. Season to taste.
Poach the eggs, place on top of strained haddock and cover with sauce. Garnish with sliced tomato and parsley.

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